

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 963.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19th, 1915.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



VAL L'ESTRANGE.

THE HON. FRANCES FITZALAN-HOWARD.

135, Sloane Street, S.W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: The Hon. Frances Fitzalan-Howard</i> ..	853, 854
<i>Haytime (Leader)</i>	854
<i>Country Notes</i>	855
<i>Spring on Cheviot, by Norman C. Gould</i>	855
<i>A Thanksgiving, by Angela Gordon</i>	856
<i>Waste Lands and Modern Methods of Reclaiming Them, I., by Henry Vendelmans, Ing. Agric. (Illustrated)</i>	857
<i>The Water Vole. (Illustrated)</i>	861
<i>Dutch Towers.—I., by Sir Martin Conway. (Illustrated by the late Arthur Marshall)</i>	863
<i>The Little Stint on the Yenesai, by Maud D. Haviland. (Illustrated)</i> ..	867
<i>Country Home: Montacute House.—II. (Illustrated)</i>	870
<i>A War Medley</i>	875
<i>In the Garden: Hardy Perennial Flowers from Seeds; etc. (Illustrated)</i>	876
<i>Dapping for Trout in Devon, by G. Garrow-Green</i>	878
<i>The Red Cross Exhibition of Old English Plate, by C. J. Jackson. (Illustrated)</i>	879
<i>Ladies' Kennel Association Show, by A. Croxton Smith. (Illustrated)</i> ..	882
<i>Literature</i>	884
<i>The Partitions of Poland (Lord Eversley); The Open Air Treatment of the Wounded (A. E. Shipley, Sc.D., F.R.S.); The English Countryside (Ernest C. Pulbrook); Hyssop (M. T. H. Sadler).</i>	
<i>Correspondence</i>	886
<i>"The Old, Old Road" (C. G. Blampied); Venice in War Time (Alethea Wiel); Bird Pets at the Front (Private Haywood); My First English Spring; "Jacinating" (A. Haller); Robin-run-the-Hedge; The Collager's Roll of Honour; A Bird's Chance; Castles in the Trentino; Feeding the Children (Charles E. Hecht); The Origin of the Term "Dog Watch"; The Wren at Close Quarters (A. M. C. Nicholl and J. H. Franklin); The Taming of a Shrew; An Italian Beggar (D. McLeish).</i>	
<i>Racing Notes</i>	2*
<i>A Mirror Frame by Grinling Gibbons? by A. Edith Hewitt and H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated)</i>	4*
<i>Agricultural Notes, by Eldred Walker</i>	4*
<i>The Automobile World: The Second-hand Car Problem, &c. (Illus.)</i> ..	6*
<i>Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)</i>	10*
<i>For Town and Country. (Illustrated)</i>	12*

HAYTIME.

DURING the past week hay-cutting has begun on many hundreds of farms in the Southern Counties, and the crop is turning out very much better than was at one time expected. Much rain, as a rule, favours the growth of grass and clover, but the early rains of this year were not only copious but extremely cold, and they did not bring the crop forward as they would have done if the temperature had been higher. During the last four weeks there has been a drought and very hot weather that would have interfered sadly with progress in ordinary seasons, but the quantity of moisture in the soil seems to have kept the plants going, and the consequence is that the hay simply leaped up in the course of the last two or three weeks. Now the farmer who has been wishing for rain prays that the sunny weather may continue, for the extraordinarily fine prospect lies before him of a highly abundant crop and extremely satisfactory prices. Several difficult problems that lay before him this year have solved themselves with the passage of time. There was first of all a feeling that the Government meant to commandeer the hay crop and not give the market price for it. The suspicion was, perhaps, not as patriotic as could be wished, and it proved to be groundless. The Board of Agriculture, in a very businesslike manner, issued a statement showing exactly what the requirements of the Army would be and the terms on which they meant that they should be satisfied. The military need amounts to just about one-fourteenth of the general crop, which is not a very heavy toll to pay. The grandfathers of the farmers of to-day, previous to 1837, had to give the parson a tenth of the hay, as of the other produce of the land, and this was in the nature of a tax. The Government buys what it takes, and has agreed to pay the price obtained locally. Proverbially

farmers are addicted to grumbling, and it cannot be said that the arrangement has wholly satisfied them. To take a typical case, a farmer living about thirty miles from London had saved last year's crop and was sending it up by cart to London. The price he obtained in Whitechapel was £5 10s. a ton, an extremely good one, be it observed. The military authorities seized one of his carts and paid him at the rate of £4 10s. a ton, at the same time telling him that he must not send any more to London. We do not know that he was so great a loser. Paying £4 10s. a ton, they come to his ricks and collect the hay for themselves, so that he has no further trouble or expense in connection with it. To send the hay to London involves a night journey. The usual practice is for the cart to start about midnight or after it. Two horses and a man are engaged. It takes them about a day and a half to make the return journey, and, of course, there are incidental expenses on the road. In these days, when farmers are complaining so much of the scarcity of labour, it might be thought that a man was fortunate who had his hay taken away on these terms, and at any rate satisfaction ought to be felt that the needs of the Army are being satisfied.

The question of labour at one time appeared to be troublesome, and even fatal. The strong young men have nearly all gone to the war, and those who have not are not to be found in the farms. A few have been mechanics at one time or another, and have found lucrative employment in Government work. Only the old men are left. A few women volunteered, but the farmers complain that they are not efficient nor possessed of the necessary experience. Besides, the number volunteering for this work is surprisingly small. The demands on woman labour have been exceptionally heavy, and every healthy girl who is capable of doing work and is willing has been employed. The railway companies are taking increasing numbers; we see them even on the platforms of the Underground. In shops and offices women are much needed. In the various factories they cannot get sufficient hands because of the rush there is for turning out clothing and equipment for the Armies. Domestic servants are at a premium, for the girl of the day seems to prefer almost anything before housework.

Now the hay crop is one that has to be dealt with very promptly. It is more than other crops exposed to injury by the caprice of the weather, and the wise husbandman wastes not a moment in having it put into the rick. In Middlesex, where haymaking is more of a fine art than it probably is in any other part of Europe, the secret of success is found to lie in having at hand abundance of labour and using it with promptitude and despatch. If the cutting be done in sunny weather, the drying takes but a very short time, and the sooner afterwards the crop can be ricked or placed in a Dutch barn, the better for the farmer. It will be interesting to notice to what extent advantage is taken of the offer of the War Office to give soldiers sufficient furlough to enable them to help in the hay harvest. There is a suspicion in many quarters that the farmer is not so completely at the end of his resources but that he could find ways and means to harvest a crop which means hard money in his purse. And we have to remember that hay does not in these days involve a very great expenditure for labour. It is generally cut by machinery, and progressive farmers use the same means for the tossing and tedding which women used to do with hayforks. Even the stacking does not call for that strenuous labour which it once did, since the elevator has been brought into this country from America and the hay glides up without trouble. An experienced man is needed to stack it, but fortunately this is a job which the veteran has nearly always claimed as his own, and a stout girl or two to assist him, as much with their feet as their hands, are not impossible to get at. No doubt the little farmer will be able to make shift with these, but we doubt very much if a man who works on a large scale will be able to get through without the help of the man in khaki.

Our Frontispiece

WE publish this week a portrait of the Hon. Frances Fitzalan-Howard, younger daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

UNDER normal conditions June 23rd would have been observed with the pomp and joy of a nation, for on it "the immediate heir of England" arrives at the legal age of manhood. Joy and satisfaction will not be the less keenly felt because the Prince of Wales is where his warlike ancestors loved to be—at the battle front. Like a good soldier who sinks all consciousness of self while the enemy is before him, His Royal Highness has expressed a wish that congratulations, public and private, shall be postponed till the war is over. His future subjects, while loyally acquiescing in this arrangement, will trust and hope that they may on one and the same occasion be able to congratulate the Prince of Wales on his coming of age and on the establishment of a lasting and honourable peace. At the moment they will respect his wishes all the more scrupulously because he is setting his young contemporaries the best example by discharging the arduous duties of an officer on service with diligence and zeal. He could in no other way garner for himself so effectually the treasure of a people's loyalty and affection.

WITH tireless energy and a succession of ringing and vivid phrases Mr. Lloyd George pursues his mission of stirring up to their highest effort those engaged in producing munitions. As they are uttered, we hear that the most telling of his sentences are placed on the walls of Woolwich Arsenal. We hope that they will be taken up in every manufacturing centre of the country. They are absolutely true as well as being forcible: "The engineers of Britain, employers and workmen, can win this war." "We ought to have no party barriers at the present time." "We want a deluge of Neuve Chapelles." It would be difficult to imagine anything more stirring, and if the country does not waken up to a sense of its responsibility as an effect of this eloquence, the blame will not be that of the Minister of Munitions. But there are many signs of a growing sense of responsibility in all quarters. No endorsement of the contentions of Mr. Lloyd George could be more emphatic than that of the band of City men who on Sunday went down to Woolwich and worked for twelve hours in an ordnance shed side by side with the regular hands. The Volunteer Munitions Brigade is a body of City men whose example is bound to fire others with something of their own enthusiasm.

IN last Wednesday's *Times* there was a letter signed "A Banker," which deserves very close consideration. The writer urged the great necessity both of public and of private economy. In the immediate future we have to meet two bills, one for our imports, which in these days greatly exceed our exports, and the other for a war loan which must be floated to meet the enormous outlay incurred on account of our military operations. Expenditure in connection with the war has had a very considerable effect in transferring wealth from the pockets of the rich to those of the poor. Work was never more plentiful in Great Britain than it is to-day, and wages have risen so much that the workmen have a surplus even after meeting the increased cost of living. Some of this money is spent innocently enough, it may be, but still without improving efficiency. If those who are obtaining extra wages on account of the war were to save as much as they can for the purpose of investing it in a war loan they would perform a national service.

IN this week's issue we print the first of M. Vendelmans' articles on the reclamation of waste land. It is unnecessary to insist upon the importance of the subject. There is not an intelligent man living in Great Britain at this moment who does not know that one of the greatest of all questions of the hour is that of increasing the productivity of the soil. In every possible way this should be pressed. The fact is recognised by all concerned, but their zeal, unfortunately, finds little expression except in words. Steps should be taken for the purpose of ascertaining that those in occupation of the soil are trying to make the best of it. At any time, but particularly during a great war, ownership of land should be regarded as a great trust, carrying with it the responsibility of producing as much food as is possible. Now, it cannot be denied that Great Britain, once in the very forefront of agricultural progress, has allowed herself to fall behind during the last quarter of a century. In every direction, except possibly the breeding of livestock, the English farmer has allowed his Continental rivals to get in front of him. At one time the cereal crop in England was the heaviest in the world; now it has fallen a great many points in the order of merit. Countries with a growing population have been steadily bringing under the plough land their forefathers regarded as hopeless waste; but we are content to look at the old bills paid three-quarters of a century ago and say that the result is not worth the expenditure.

SPRING ON CHEVIOT.

I.

The bracken and the crowberry,
Ling and heath and saxifrage,
Sun-dried bents and cowberry,
Club-mosses—a trilogy,
The soft rush and the bilberry,
Windflower, sorrel, cloudberry:
From these—which Cheviot does not lack—
The red grouse cries, "Go back, go back."

II.

The titlark and the plover green,
The whimpering whaup and golden plover.
The ring-ouzel and little wren,
The cuckoo—coming with the gean,
The swallow, swift and wind-hover,
The dipper on the running stream,
The heron stalking on the bank,
The startled snipe that flies aslant
The screaming gull and shrill redshank,
The dunlin with its piping chant,
The raven and the peregrine,
The mistle thrush and blackcock hoarse,
The whinchat singing from the gorse,
The wheatear and the shy woodcock,
The adder gliding o'er the rock,
The turtle-dove on rowan tree,
The stonechat and the wagtail grey,
The pigeon from the scrub-oak wood,
The labouring shepherd and his dog,
And sheep and lambs with faces black:
To these—which Cheviot does not lack—
The red grouse cries, "Go back, go back."

NORMAN C. GOULD.

M. VENDELMANS' first article is necessarily introductory in character, but it contains sufficient information to indicate the scope of those that are to follow.¹ It will be remarked that he makes no claim whatever to be able to bring into cultivation all the land now lying barren in Great Britain. It would be very easy to point to thousands of acres in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, where the surface is of solid rock with only little pockets of earth here and there. No man is likely at any time to make grass grow on the side of a granite mountain. It interested the writer of this paragraph to notice the way in which M. Vendelmans selected photographs for the illustration of his article. We observed that the first thing that he tried to satisfy himself about was that the land would grow vegetation of some sort. If there is earth enough for bracken or heather or thistle, there is sufficient to grow valuable food plants. We are not going to anticipate what he has to say in these

articles, but it may be useful to reiterate what is now common knowledge, that the profitable reclamation of waste land has been rendered possible in these times chiefly by the improvement in artificial manures. The rest of it depends upon intelligence. M. Vendelmans assures us that there are scarcely any two estates whose waste land can be wisely treated in the same way. Each particular case must be judged on its own merits and, although he will treat various types of land, our readers will find that there is no rule of thumb for achieving the result. Commonsense and the application of general principles to particular examples must guide the selection of procedure in each case.

AT this stage in the economical history of the war, it is surely time for the Board of Agriculture to do something more than send out exhortations to the farmers. In spite of all that has been said about the imprudence of killing calves and females the process goes on without interruption. In almost every restaurant and club of which the writer has personal experience dishes of veal are regular features in the bill of fare. The occasion calls for something more than remonstrance. A certain amount of compulsion would be excusable here if anywhere. The stockowner and the butcher should be absolutely prohibited from killing young, immature animals. If it is not convenient to keep them, there is no difficulty about selling, and those who have facilities for grazing and rearing want very little urging to buy. The price of stores alarms the unimaginative farmer who does not realise that high prices have come to stay for a considerable time, and he thinks that if he paid highly for stores he would run the risk of being left in the lurch when he wanted to sell the fatted and finished product. He will buy calves, however, and the tendency to do so is rapidly increasing. No dairy company, for instance, experiences difficulty in selling calves if it desires to do so. Were it made illegal to slaughter them, a way would quickly be found to dispose of them to graziers, and in that way the food supply of the country would be kept up.

IN feeding, advantage should be taken of the natural resources. A leaflet has been issued by the Board advising the growing of catch crops for pigs and this is very well for those who are working on a large scale. But every small occupier should have borne in on his mind that he, to the extent of his holding, is responsible for producing the maximum amount of food. Not only so, but the appeal to his pocket should be irresistible. In previous hard times country people used to gather green stuff from the highways and field corners for the purpose of feeding their pigs. They knew that the animals would not lay on flesh if fed exclusively on this diet, but by mixing such stuff as boiled nettles with middlings or pollards, they made the latter go much further and fattened their pigs very satisfactorily indeed, if the weight attained be considered with regard to the cheapness of feeding. In our Correspondence columns this week a writer tells how he is fattening ducks with a common hedgerow weed, and the small-holder can easily enlarge upon hints of this kind and produce small live stock, either for home consumption or the market, at a comparatively small outlay in money.

THE Italian Commander-in-Chief has taken a wise course in warning his compatriots that they should not attach too much importance to the initial successes of the army. Certainly the unreadiness of Austria to defend the difficult country on the frontier has caused a considerable amount of surprise, and might fairly lead to the inference that the Austro-German Alliance has already as much on its hands as it can manage. But, on the other hand, experience has shown that before two armies get into real grips with one another partial successes and partial defeats frequently occur without the comparative strengths of the two armies being developed. They are, in fact, outpost skirmishes rather than serious fighting—in the boxer's phrase, sparring for an opening. It is possible that the Austrian commanders have chosen ground that they consider the most favourable for withstanding the Italian inroad, and that they have made no serious attempt to keep the frontier clear. In that case it is only a matter of time till a decisive battle will have to be fought, and the preliminary occurrences give little or no clue to the result. However, the Italians cannot do better than press forward, boldly, it is true, but at the same time cautiously and warily. It may be that they will have to fight a formidable army, and it may be that the Austrians have not been able to muster a sufficient force to defend that frontier against them.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S note to Germany amply justifies the time and care spent in writing it. The American position is plain enough. If at all possible, the United States naturally want to avoid war. At the same time, the Government at Washington is bound to take every possible care of the rights of the American citizen. President Wilson set himself to put all this before the German Government without offence and yet without flinching from his original position. The culminating point in his communication is that in which he declares all else to be impertinent—the one fact of paramount importance is that when the Lusitania was torpedoed, over a thousand perfectly peaceful non-combatants were killed. This is not warfare as understood among civilised nations, but a deadly crime by which a friendly neutral suffered. It has been the German cue to represent Great Britain as attempting to starve the women and children of the Fatherland, but this is no answer. Great Britain has used her fleet in the most legitimate and in the most humane manner. The idea that a huge empire can be placed in a state of siege as though it were a Ladysmith or even a Przemyśl is preposterous. Germany, therefore, must reckon with the determination of the United States to hold her to strict accountability for this slaughter of innocents. We hope that the velvet glove worn by the President will not hinder him from using the steel underneath to enforce those rights of the American citizens which have been so ruthlessly attacked.

A THANKSGIVING.

Lord, for the beauty of this passing hour,
The summer sweetness of the earth and sky,
For hope and courage, Youth's immortal dower,
And all the joy of all who love to live;
And most for Death made fair by those who die,
Loving dear life, and find it ecstasy—
Render we thanks who have but thanks to give.

ANGELA GORDON.

THIS week marks the end of a century since the occurrence of the world's great earthquake—Waterloo. Owing chiefly to the genius of Lord Byron and in a lesser degree to that of Thackeray, the great event is indissolubly associated in our minds with the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond three days before the battle. Byron's word picture of the scene shows that people at that time did not allow themselves to become depressed. Belgium's capital had gathered there "her Beauty and her Chivalry," and the poet's imagination brings before us "fair women and brave men," and eyes looking love to eyes that spoke again. While the very note of joy is sounded in "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." For the nonce youth and pleasure were paramount. This was very much in the spirit of the Duke of Wellington himself. He was a very unemotional general and did not allow himself to dwell unduly on the horrors of the campaign. Had it not been so, we can hardly believe that he would have been able, as was the case, to snatch an hour or two's sleep whenever there was an interlude in the battle. But this calmness was perfectly consistent with his keeping of fox-hounds and hunting two or three days a week during his Peninsular campaign. In reading diaries and other contemporary documents written in Great Britain, we find that minds were not occupied with war to the exclusion of everything else. Indeed, the consideration of it did not come home as it does now, perhaps owing to the fact that only a very small proportion of the population was actually engaged in the war, and news of action came home very slowly.

THE latest of the eminent golfers recruiting the Army is Mr. Everard Martin Smith, who has joined the Welsh Guards as a second lieutenant. It will be remembered that very early in the year Mr. Julian Martin Smith, a half-brother of Mr. Everard, died of wounds received in course of the retreat from Mons. He was the first to be killed of the new volunteers, and was officially attached to the Intelligence Corps, though he took part in more than one of the charges which so bravely held back an enemy who was out of all proportion too many for the thin British line. Three brothers-in-law and also first cousins of Mr. Everard Smith, of a family even better known in golf, are serving their country. They are the Hambros, of whom Captain Harold was a gunner in the Regular Army long before the war; Mr. Angus is one of the numerous M.P.'s who are on active service, and Mr. Olaf has joined the Coldstream Guards. The only brother of Mr. Everard's, Mr. Oliver Martin Smith, is also serving. It is a very gallant family record, and there are many others that can match it.

WASTE LANDS AND MODERN METHODS OF RECLAIMING THEM.—I. INTRODUCTORY.

By HENRY VENDELMANS, ING. AGRIC.

[This is the first of a series of very important articles dealing with the reclamation of land as it can be accomplished by modern methods and the intelligent use of chemical manures. Those of our readers who follow this subject will remember that Mr. A. D. Hall of Rothamsted made this the subject of his inaugural address to the Agricultural Section of the British Association last year, and it was dealt with in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture for November, 1914. Continental countries, especially Germany, Holland and Belgium, have proved by ocular demonstration that land can be economically and quickly brought into profitable cultivation if it contains sufficient soil to grow even the robust types of weed. It is not professed that wheat can be ripened on the side of a granite mountain, but if gorse and bracken grow, cereals can be made to grow also. The writer of the articles is M. Henry Vendelmans, by profession an agricultural engineer. Some of our readers may need an explanation of this title. An agricultural engineer in Belgium means one who has qualified for the highest agricultural diploma. He is examined in such subjects as botany, chemistry, geology, zoology, zoochemistry, physiology, microscopy, forestry, hydraulics (irrigation), agricultural engines and motors, dairying, seed-testing and so on—the very subjects, in fact, that are taught in our agricultural colleges. M. Vendelmans comes of a family long connected with the land; his father was a gentleman farmer in Campine, which is the heather country of Belgium. He has himself done a great deal of reclamation, and in his own country is an authority on the subject.]

The photographs illustrating the article are not Belgian in character, but show types of reclaimable waste in Great Britain.

BY means of scientific knowledge to cause corn to grow in a desert place, to convert into rich pasture land hitherto barren, to clothe with the abundant verdure of copse and underwood and evergreen coppice moors once desolate, is surely a noble task, and one which any honest man may be proud to undertake. Besides directly benefiting the producer, the manner of acquiring wealth renders another service; it enriches the country by reducing the amount of uncultivated land, by providing it with products formerly lacking, by giving work to the unemployed, by stimulating trade and by rendering possible new industries resulting from the products thus derived—dairies, for example, timber yards, charcoal-burning, the making of tubs, barrels and brooms, the establishment of factories and sawmills, etc.

Moreover, there arises from such work a certain moral satisfaction, and I never met a landowner who was not proud to engage in it. For whosoever undertakes it finds it healthy, entrancing and ultimately absorbing. When roads are made and avenues planted, arid wastes become delightful country resorts, places of recreation where one may shoot or fish in magnificent parks, peaceful lakes surrounded by rich meadows, luxuriant woods or sanitive pine tree plantations alive with the activity of the existences which have been

produced there. Desolation had formerly set its seal upon those lands. They served merely as picnic places for townsfolk during the season when purple heather cloaked their sterility. Many a time has it been alleged that to cultivate such lands would be impossible for more than one reason. I do not believe such statements to be well grounded. Rather would I say that in eight or nine cases out of ten such cultivation would be economically possible, and that those who assert the contrary have not studied the question. One may note also that small holdings under cultivation may, in proportion, be as remunerative as large, and that, however small they may be, they deserve our attention. In certain cases where the cost of freightage is not high and a railway close at hand, this cultivation may for a certain time solve the problem of the disposal of town refuse.

But we must state at the outset that there is no absolute need either of farm manure or of town refuse. It is quite possible to do without it, and generally it is necessary to do without it, for very often it costs too much. That it should be dispensed with is a pity, but it should be used only when the cost renders it advantageous. Here a point suggests itself which ought to be borne in mind. When during winter there is little work for men and for horses it will often be better to make use of teams to transport manure than to



J. M. Whitehead.

Copyright.

MOORLAND, SUCH AS HAS BEEN RECLAIMED ON THE CONTINENT IN THOUSANDS OF ACRES.



J. M. Whitehead. LAND GROWING WILD FLOWERS WILL GROW WHEAT.

Copyright.



M. C. Collam.

EVEN THISTLES PROVE LATENT FERTILITY.

Copyright.

leave them idle. It should also be noticed that the cultivation of desolate land may exercise a favourable influence on the climate, sometimes very notably — as, for example, in serving as a protection against cold and drying winds; or, during summer, causing a more abundant precipitation of moisture; or by retaining rain-water, thus preventing the carrying away of earth and also preventing erosion; or it may regulate the level of water-courses, and thus prevent temporary inundation. All these effects are well known.

In England at the present time there are thousands and thousands of uncultivated acres, absolutely bare or merely covered with wild growths, without any economic value, sometimes, moreover, with ponds of stagnant water. For centuries these lands have yielded nothing, and for this reason they are considered incapable of production; fortunately, however, they are not, for examples have shown that when treated properly they are quite capable of yielding considerably. From these vast and desolate tracts arises the reproach of much wealth which we do not deign to cultivate; for here, more than elsewhere, the earth is only apparently barren. Although it gives nothing for nothing it is generous, but one must know how to make it yield its gifts. It does not voluntarily give up the treasure hidden in its breast; that treasure must be torn from it. Everything therefore lies in knowing how to set to work.

Economical processes exist by which nearly all the waste land at the present day, whether shifting sand or heath or marsh, may be brought under cultivation. But each kind of land requires different treatment to be employed for variable objects, according to the nature of the ground, its altitude and its climate.

Here, as elsewhere, praiseworthy efforts have been made in this direction. In England doubtless much has already been done; but other countries, such as Belgium and Holland, in order not to cite Germany, have perhaps done



NATURE WON THIS FROM THE SEA, MAN CAN MAKE IT FERTILE.

more. I have been privileged to visit estates of 5,000 acres in full cultivation, entirely conquered from the heath. And what a pleasure it is to wander through them. The best methods in practice have attained a high degree of perfection. Every year acres of barren ground are brought under cultivation, to the great profit of the landowners and of the country.

It is true that long ago many landowners made experiments in this direction with very different results; some failed, others succeeded. The failures being more talked about than the successes, discouragement ensued. I think, moreover, that the vogue enjoyed by such experiments has retarded progress in reclamation; certain landlords, seeing neighbours who had well studied the question



A BELT OF TREES SHELTERING RECLAIMED MARSHES.

and carefully matured their plans, hastened to copy them, having observed them merely from a distance, possessing no fundamental knowledge, not staying to count the cost—indeed, not considering the matter of remuneration, guided merely by their own fancy, and hence meeting with complete failure. Then, without finding that the cause of this failure lay in themselves, in their own ignorance, as they should have done, they attributed it to the nature of the soil; when greater wisdom, closer study and more thorough preparation might have produced very different results. Beholding the great ones of the earth fail in an enterprise in which money, a by no means negligible factor, was not lacking, and these great ones giving full expression to their disappointment, small landowners possessed of more limited financial resources were discouraged from proceeding with their plans for the improvement of their land. Thus, long ago was arrested a movement which might have brought about the progress which has recently taken place much earlier. Only the cleverest cultivators persisted. Since then persons well trained in the sciences of agriculture and afforestation have thoroughly studied the problem and caused enormous advances to be made, the results of which have proved by no means disappointing.

In excuse of those who failed, it may be urged that agriculture and afforestation had not then at their disposal all the scientific resources and the chemical manures which we now possess. The earliest experimenters, we must admit,

worked under more or less unfavourable conditions, which since have gradually improved. The results these experimenters obtained were more or less good. All made mistakes, and among these one of the greatest was trenching too deeply.

Being pioneers, they were inevitably obliged to work a little at hazard, having nothing but

common sense which was easily led astray to guide them, as they had no former serious experience to which to refer. But we have learnt from their experiments, little by little (here, as always, one must not ask for everything at once), and the land supposed to be barren and unyielding has been made to produce such a diversity of products that one is astonished at first at its capacity; while the methods employed are so economical and so remunerative that landowners need no longer hesitate to adopt them. In a few cases (chiefly those of farmers who provide the work themselves and do not take it into consideration) the work has been carried out in a most unpractical and unremunerative manner. On the other hand, many enterprises worked on sound business lines have turned out thoroughly successful.

But let it not be thought, as was said to me not long ago, that mere general knowledge on the subject is sufficient. I am convinced, on the contrary, that it is just this general knowledge which causes one to lose money. In undertakings where precision counts for so much, general knowledge is not enough; special knowledge is necessary, and a thorough familiarity with the matter in hand, in order, from the beginning, to undertake just that work which is most necessary and most economical. In bringing under cultivation barren land one must follow no will-o'-the-wisps. Such fancies are often very costly, and lead to deceptions which have often discouraged landowners. But if one goes to work knowing what one is about, failure need not be feared.

I differ from many in holding that it is useful, if not necessary, on certain important estates to take advantage of natural beauties—to preserve, for example, in their natural state certain eminences or interesting spots which might add to the artistic value of the land. One should not, I think, either reduce everything to the same level or plough up everything; moreover, I believe that for the same reason one should try and preserve picturesque features—village steeples, castles, windmills, ruins and brooks. A good view of such pleasing features should be rendered possible in different parts of the estate. Many persons through ignorance have lost opportunities of, without any outlay, considerably increasing the value of an estate. One ought to know how to take advantage of the natural resources of any piece of land; this is the best economical method for increasing its value, and he who neglects to do so will deprive himself of considerable gain. One must, therefore, be prudent and exercise foresight in this direction.

On certain estates I even think that marsh land might be preserved in order to attract water-fowl. It will cost nothing to keep as it is; that part of the estate may not, perhaps, be extremely important, and the proprietor may like the shooting. Moreover, on every estate I advise that some land should be kept in its primitive condition in order to show what has been. The cultivation of waste land, therefore, is a very important question, and one by the study of which many landowners may profit. It is an occupation

in which they may grow wealthy, being able to breed horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, etc., in places which once sufficed only for a little game.

Hence we may convert desert places either into copses or fir plantations; we may clothe arid wastes with forest or with underwood, we may transform barren heaths into arable land, into meadows, supporting one

cow to the acre, while other lower-lying grounds may be used for the breeding of fish, requiring no special installation and is very profitable. The landowner will thus find a very remunerative investment for his capital, an investment which he can control himself; he himself will watch the gradual transformation taking place before his eyes, agreeably entertained thereby. When money is invested at a distance, such is not the case.

We may note in passing that in certain countries the money value of uncultivated land has considerably increased, because it is now known how much it is possible to derive from it. One objection which has been urged by certain landowners, and which we have not dealt with hitherto, is that such a transformation of their estate will destroy their opportunities for sport. First, such considerations can hardly outweigh the interests which we have been discussing; but surely these landowners do not take into account that on cultivated land there may exist game much more abundant and more varied than if the land were uncultivated. Thus at once the value of their shooting would be increased, and the practice of it facilitated by the various changes which we have advocated, such as the making of paths and roads. All these undertakings must be executed in the most economical manner. Once the work is undertaken it must be carried out with the least possible expenditure of labour; hence the very great importance of a preliminary study of the lie of the land, of the choice of the object of cultivation and of a knowledge of the resources which may be disposed of



Ward Muir. PEATLAND OFFERS EXCELLENT CHANCES OF RECLAMATION. Copyright

There will be a way of deriving some advantage from every favourable circumstance. Land can be ploughed to a varying depth, and at a cost which will differ according as it is being prepared for forest, meadow or arable purposes. According to the object for which it is to be used it will receive its special quantity and its special kind of manure. When, therefore, it has been decided to bring under cultivation waste

land, proceedings must be methodical; everything must be well planned out and as little as possible left to chance. Very often it has happened that too late some plan has been seen to be wrong which attentive study or greater knowledge would have revealed in the beginning. We shall begin, therefore, with a preliminary study of the nature of the ground.

(To be continued.)

THE WATER VOLE.

Against everything shaped like a rat the schoolboy's instinct is to wage ruthless war. It is of little use to tell him the water vole is not a rat, nor possessed of those rattish qualities which have earned for him the undying antipathy of the human race. He bears the outward semblance of a rat and makes excellent hunting. I who write this must confess to having been guilty of

this early depravity in budding years. But my favourite haunt was the river side, and the river might have been created for the exclusive benefit of water voles. It was very slow and very deep, meandering like a serpent round the soft jutting banks of the meadows, great flat meadows which changed from green to silver and gold as the daisies arrived and the buttercups. The banks were set with willows that had been relentlessly pruned and lopped in the days when basket making was still an industry of



READY TO DIVE.

bough or clambering up on the trunk, where he generally found something to nibble, making a fine shot for a stone as he did so. He was never hit in this way and seldom much frightened—just enough to make him drop into the water and swim away on the surface with an odious grin on his face. At the discharge of a second missile, down he went like a submarine. Occasionally the willow stem was the scene of a bloodthirsty encounter. Once on a calm April morning I watched a terrific fight between a water vole and

rural England. But already in the dim, dark ages of my boyhood the craft had died out, save that skeps for bees were woven of willow and pinned with hazel. Uncut and neglected, the willows stretched out their trunks almost level with the water and the restless, twinkling, silvery leaves almost rested on it. The water-rat loved the willows. You could see him swimming from bough to



J. H. Symonds.

FOOD AND PLAY.

Copyright.

a weasel on one of the largest of the trunks. It was Sunday, and I remember how the Psalm singing of a Dissenting congregation floated over the still air, while the smoke from the hamlet chimneys mounted perpendicularly and the two fiery warriors wrestled and bit and clawed each other till, either by luck or good guiding, the vole got his big front teeth into the neck of his enemy and slew him—a feat worthy of a celebration by the tribe, as the weasel is, generally speaking, more than a match for the best of them.

At this season of the year the meadow banks almost down to the water edge were blue with masses of speedwell, and the

were numbered. In winter the existence led by the creatures was more precarious. They had to venture forth in search of food, and then little runs to corn-ricks and farmyards were easily traced. Many a curious tale about them was related by the rustics. An aged hedger used to declare that in the frosty winter mornings he had seen an old blind patriarch led by a straw from his feeding place to the water, and the touching story was readily believed by those who did not know the cruelty of wild animals, which mercilessly assail, kill and eat the weak and ailing, the old and feeble. Yet the truthful rustic was indignant if anyone ventured to be sceptical. It was in a flood that the



ENJOYING A TIT-BIT IN MID-STREAM.

stream on either side had a broad fringe of sedges, rushes, and green and yellow flowers. These formed a miniature forest for the disport of the hideling folk of the river side, who had made tracks and highways along which they passed unseen. The water hen built her nest among the flags, and when her sooty offspring had taken to the water they used to follow along these under galleries. Among them, too, the vole was at home, swimming about and picking up bits of underweed or other food chance threw in his way, but also running the risk of being himself eaten. Good-sized jack lay just outside the flag forest and occasionally

penetrating its intricacies made a snatch and the vole was gone for ever. The voles had their homes and runs. They seemed to spend their spare hours in excavating and showed no small cunning in the arrangement of their holes. If chased in dead earnest, they sink to the river bottom and run along it, not swimming, but actually running. Generally there is an opening to the hole



J. H. Symonds.

A HOLE AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

Copyright.

under the water, so that in cases of dire necessity the owner can get into his refuge without coming to the surface, where very often dogs and their owners are straining eager eyes.

The meadows were ditch drained in the centre, an area covered with rushes, and many of the voles preferred to dwell by these half stagnant waters, the banks of which were tunnelled and undermined. Life was precarious then. A stout boat, with a muscular foot behind it, could easily lay bare the vole's poor fortress and force him to take to the water, where his days

voles had the worst time. Slow and deep as was the river, it had its source in the hills, and after heavy rains used to convert the wide meadows into huge lakes, where all that had life took refuge. Men with boats or rafts visited the islands, on to which the helpless creatures were ultimately driven for refuge. Hares and rabbits were dispatched for the pot and the voles killed in wantonness. Once at least in the month of May one of these floods was expected to occur and seldom failed to do so. It was the worst of all; for it came when the wild things had young or were preparing for them. Often the water hen's nest was

lifted clean from its moorings and floated down to the sea. The poor mother would sit in her nest as long as the motion was fairly equable, but if her frail bark were tossed about in one of those rushing streams formed by the flood, or if, as happened just as frequently, it came into collision with a cart or the branch of a tree, her constancy broke down and, with a plaintive chirp, she scudded

away. The water voles had a very bad time. They hung about the sedges and water herbage, which was just beginning to grow and hide them, till the water rose too high. Then they had to swim for safety where no safety was, since men and boys and dogs were on the look-out. These things happened long ago. The generation coming on now is taught humanity and, besides, even a boy entering his teens is no longer under the delusion that the water vole is that arch-enemy of mankind—the rat. F.

DUTCH TOWERS.—I.

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY. (ILLUSTRATED BY THE LATE ARTHUR MARSHALL.)

HOLLAND in its quaint way is a land of romance, but of a burgherish solid sort, the very antipodes of the romance of the sunny East.

Dutch romance is the child of industry, enterprise, dogged courage, fogs and waterways, and its great days fell within the limits of the seventeenth century. Then ships of Holland sailed all the seven seas and brought home wealth and tales of adventure. Then its sailors hammered at the arctic ice-pack and pushed their trade among tropical spice islands. Then it was that De Ruyter sailed up the Thames with a broom at his mast-head; then, too, that Rembrandt painted and Vondel rhymed. That also for Holland was a great building age, when prosperity caused cities to grow, canals to be dug, ports to be built, and the multiplex activity of Dutchmen to manifest itself in all kinds of makings and shapings upon the surface of their amphibious land—half earth, half water. Thus it is the Holland of Rembrandt's day and thereabout that remains most interesting to the modern traveller, and it is the buildings then erected that are most worthy of study and presentation within her towns.

Amsterdam, when Rembrandt went to settle there about 1631, was passing architecturally through a period of transition. The small core of the city, where everything was on a small scale, still retained many remnants of the mediæval age. The canals in it were narrow, the accommodation for ships was exiguous. A growing population and expanding trade were finding themselves horribly cramped.

Amsterdam grew like an onion, by layers surrounding layers about a centre. From time to time new rings of canals

were added, with radial connections, and then more rings outside them. Of course fortified walls were erected round the whole at different dates, but they never lasted for long and had to be replaced by new circuits as the city expanded. The moat of each new circuit became a canal within the next. Those who were responsible for the important changes made at the beginning of the seventeenth century had the good sense not to destroy every memorial of mediæval days. In particular they spared some of the old fortification towers, applying them to a new purpose and refitting them accordingly. Thus the tower called Montelbaanstoren, which still stands by the old Schans, one of the largest basins of the earlier canal system, was a part of the mediæval fortifications. They turned it into a picturesque bell-tower by the addition of a superstructure set up in the year 1606. Though this was done before Rembrandt's day, he omitted the steeple in an admirable drawing he made of it, thus giving one among countless instances, that might be cited, of his attachment rather to the past than to the coming taste of the people of his day. The only other high tower at Amsterdam drawn by him was the Westertoren or tower of the Westerkerk on the Prinsengracht, which, unfortunately, we cannot produce in this place. That tower was a favourite with the folk of Amsterdam, and I have more than once found it referred to, in



MONTELBAANSTOREN, AMSTERDAM.

narratives of Dutch exploration, as a measure of height, as, for instance, when a glacier cliff is said to have stood out of the sea about as high as the Westertoren. It is a storeyed tower, composed of four retreating rectangular stages, each with columns at the angles, not unlike some of Wren's towers in the City of London.

The Westertoren, however, carries us down rather too late, when Palladian ideas were affecting Dutch architects. This was a feature of the change of taste which made the art of Rembrandt old-fashioned and terminated his prosperity.

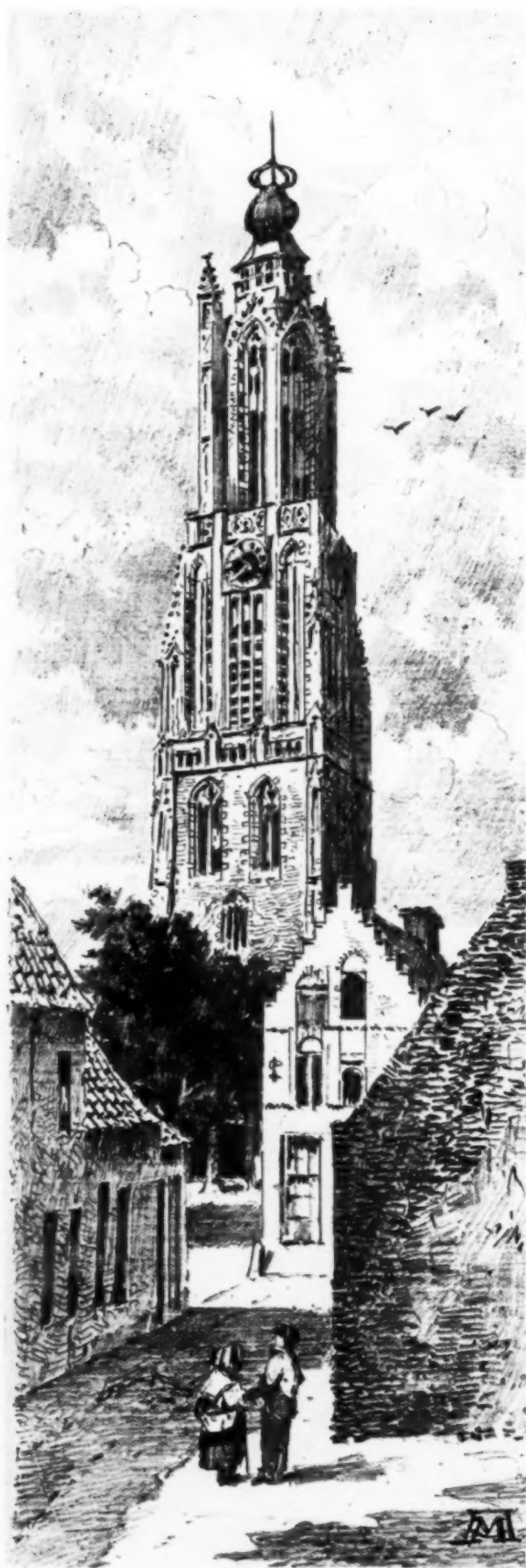


THE MINT TOWER, AMSTERDAM.

The Mint Tower of 1640, and the others shown in our illustrations, are examples of Amsterdam steeple architecture of Rembrandt's own generation. If they must be called fantastic they are certainly picturesque, and admirably suited to enliven a canal vista or to poke up out of a foreground of crow-stepped gables.

These are the typically Dutch towers, these buildings of the great days of Dutch romance. Earlier towers we can find in Holland, but they are Gothic, and re-echo the style elaborated in France. France also set the key of

architectural style in the eighteenth century. In the seventeenth century Holland stood on her own feet, and other



AMERSFOORT.

folk imitated the work of her artists. The Dutch style affected England; it was imitated in the remarkable buildings erected in Denmark for Christian IV. It penetrated

to the ends of the earth. It went with Dutch adventurers to New York, to Ceylon, to the Cape of Good Hope, where examples of it may still be hunted out by patient searching.

Our illustrations include a few of the earlier towers of Holland, about which a word or two must be said. Here, for instance, are the Cathedral and one of the mediæval gates of Maastricht, neither of them in any sense characteristically Dutch, for the Holland that the world admires was created in the fire of the Reformation wars. The cathedral church of St. Servatius at Maastricht is of early Christian foundation, and it is even claimed that portions of the existing walls date back to the sixth century. The building as we see it, however, is a great Romanesque church of Rhenish style, with restored eleventh century towers at the angles of its apse and a later Gothic bell tower adjacent to a side aisle. Utrecht and Delft have bell towers of a like kind, the upper storey being many-sided and many-gabled. Another such tower is in Paradise itself, if we are to believe Hubert van Eyck's picture of that delectable land, the famous altar-piece still at Ghent, unless the Germans have carried it off.

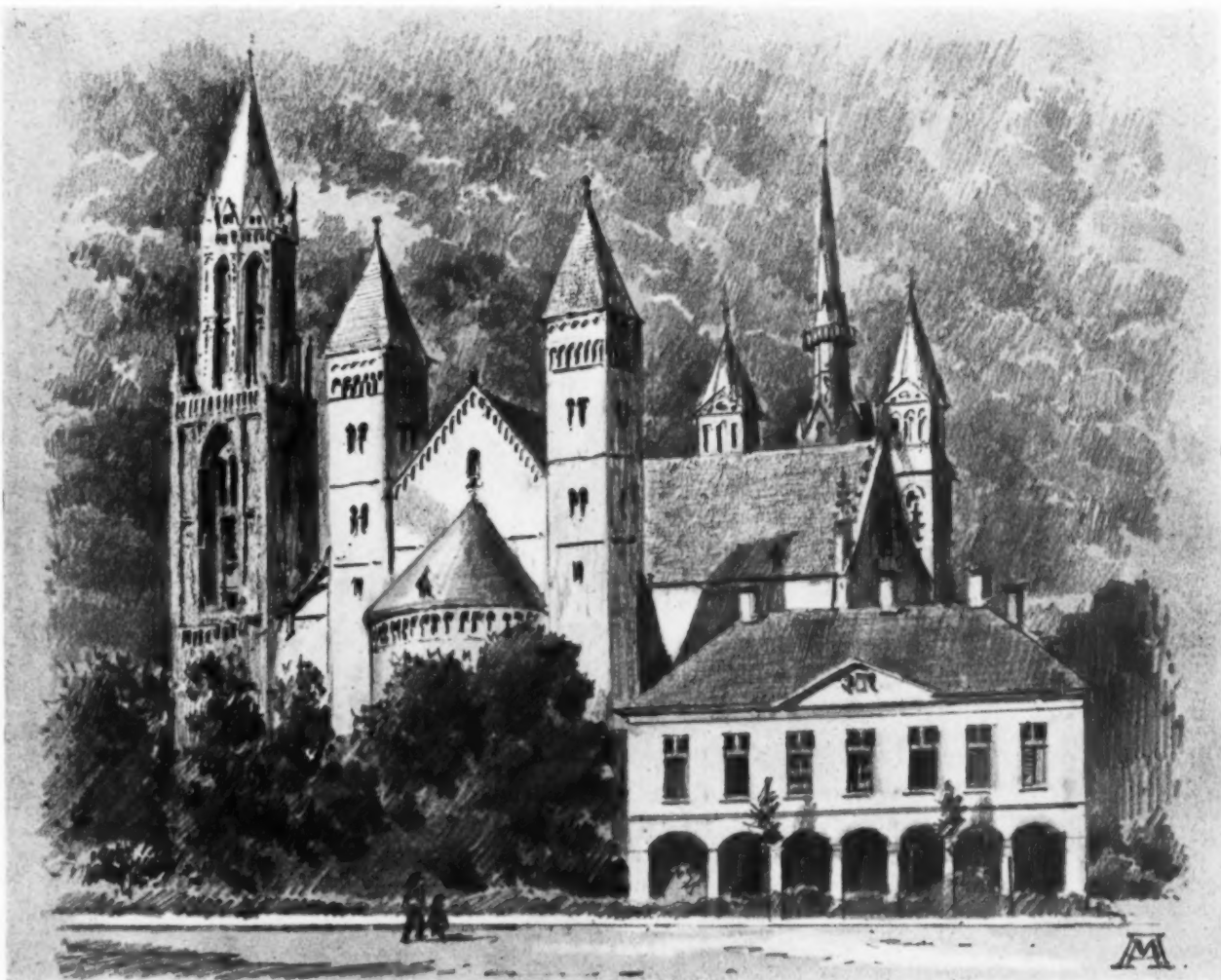
Mediæval Maastricht was not a large place. The Cathedral was in the centre of it; not more than five hundred yards away are the remains of the city walls of 1206. The exigencies of war make the military architecture of a given date everywhere much the same. Thus the tower-flanked south gate of Maastricht is not



OLD GATE TOWER, MAASTRICHT.

different in design from many another that can be found in the old cities of Europe. But though it had little individuality to start with, the adventures and patchings of Time have endued it with a picturesqueness of its own. The builders gave it practically no decoration, but such solid works receive all they need from the hand of Time, which adds detail with unerring taste. The plainer an edifice may have been to start with, the better Time adorns it, provided it has been built with sound materials, good workmanship and in good proportions. Most of our noblest castles must have looked gaunt and even (to contemporary eyes) ugly. To the Saxon citizens of London the White (doubtless white-washed) Tower can hardly have conveyed æsthetic pleasure. But Time has even decorated Norman castles, so that not the baldest modern sky-scraper need despair of future admiration if it can hold itself end up long enough.

Amersfoort tower is anything rather than plain. On the contrary, it is in the Gothic style tending towards flamboyant, while its general design is of the type of the tower at Utrecht, which, indeed, being only fourteen miles away, doubtless suggested it. That was built during the middle half of the fourteenth century; Amersfoort at the very end of the fifteenth. Both have the open octagonal top storey already described. Utrecht is 338 feet high, Amersfoort 312 feet. The latter is considered to be the finest Gothic tower in Holland. I suppose it to have been surmounted or intended



THE CATHEDRAL, MAASTRICHT.

to be surmounted by a plain spire, but the present bulbous top and open-work crown were put on in 1655. Where did Holland get its taste for these bulbs? She did not have a monopoly of them, for they are numerous enough in Germany and even in Switzerland. An oriental original probably suggested them. The Amersfoort Church was built in the

Amsterdam. The summit of it looks northward far away over the Zuyder Zee, and in every other direction over a country as flat as water. There was some fun in building high towers in Holland, they could be seen from so far away. Amersfoort can hail Utrecht on any clear day, and both of them Rhenen (I imagine), which Rembrandt sketched.

Anyone who has landed at Flushing, and proceeded thence anywhither by train, has been carried for the first few miles over the amphibious region of the island of Walcheren. He has passed Middelburg and presently, if he looked away off to the left, he will have seen, at a distance of two or three miles, the little town of Veere. Both are old towns and highly picturesque. So indeed Dürer recorded them to be when he visited them in the cold December of 1520. "Middelburg," he said, "is a good town, a fine place for sketching. It has a beautiful town hall with a fine tower. There is much art shown in all things here." All he has to say about Veere is that "it is a fine little town where lie ships from all lands." The object of Dürer's unfortunate winter journey to the islands of Zeeland was not, however, to see towers and town halls, but to satisfy his insatiable curiosity about natural history. He wanted to make a drawing of a whale that had been stranded in those parts. Such curiosity in the case of men like Dürer and Leonardo is the first indication we possess of the approach of the age of science. The whale had been washed away before Dürer's arrival, so the drawing was never made, but a chill that he caught on this journey laid the foundations of the illness which eventually carried him off. The town hall of Middelburg and its fine tower were new buildings when he saw them. The town hall and tower of Veere were some forty years older, having been built about 1470 by A.



THE TOWN HALL AND TOWER AT VEERE.

fourteenth century, and the tower may well have been projected from the first. An explosion damaged the building, but the damage was made good and the tower fortunately escaped.

Few tourists stop at Amersfoort, but plenty of them can see the tower from the train on their way eastward from

Keldermans the elder, though the statues on the façade were not added till after Dürer's visit. Unfortunately the surviving pages of his sketch-book contain no drawings of these places. There is, indeed, on one page the complicated top of some tower, unnamed, the highest member of which is like that of Veere, but the rest is different. Dürer

was evidently entertained by these fantastic steeples and several of them appear in his sketches. In the nature of things, however, such light wooden structures as crowned the towers of the Low Countries were not so durable as the stone substructures. Some have perished by fire, others have lost their open-work decorations, others have had to be repaired in various degrees, and repair has generally meant simplification. The tower of Veere, however, was apparently never very elaborate, and probably remains much as it was originally built. Four-square and plain below, the stone portion is completed with a clock chamber, strengthened at the corners. Then comes a balustraded gallery, probably of wood, and above that a well proportioned bell chamber, with a bulbic spire for roof to it, of unusually slender and graceful proportions. Little imitation dormer windows were a common decorative detail on these bulbs, but on Veere spire they are reduced to the roofs of them only. These and the Gothic crochets higher up are the only mediæval elements surviving in this tower.

The town-hall below contains a treasure certainly worth seeing, for lovers of fine goldsmith's work worth going to see—an admirable classification of "sights" which we owe

to the common-sense of Dr. Johnson. How useful a guide-book to Europe, confined to the things "worth going to see," would be when peace returns, though a real peace in a once more friendly world is hardly to be looked for in the days of any but the young. The treasure at Veere is a magnificent goblet, richly enamelled and chased, which the townsfolk caused to be made for, and presented to, the Emperor Maximilian.

How they managed to have both the prestige of giving it and the solid satisfaction of keeping it is not recorded in any books to which I have access. At all events, there it remains—a very handsome example of a fine period of art in the Low Countries. Veere also possesses a fourteenth century church, once in ruins but now repaired; also some remarkable old houses, a fountain of 1551 and other agreeable remains. On the whole a traveller on landing in Holland might well spend a night at Middelburg, where he can hire cycle or motor and make in a single day a circuit of entertaining little places, which preserve the charms of old Holland more completely than the larger and more famous cities wherein modern life has compelled much external modernisation.

THE LITTLE STINT ON THE YENESEI.

BY MAUD D. HAVILAND.

I SUPPOSE that, consciously or unconsciously, each bird lover gives a certain character to the species that he studies, and perhaps in his heart of hearts the most hidebound ornithologist is not quite free from the tendency to endow a species as a whole with a personality peculiar to itself. He finds that such and such a bird appeals to him, often for the most trivial or illogical reasons, while another, for reasons that are equally trivial and illogical, arouses no such feeling.

Association is the prime author of such sentiment. That is why we have a tenderness for the redbreast and the swallow. It is not the whole cause, or we should find a mist

for the most part, strong-flighted, wild-voiced things, who chase the sun from the edge of the Arctic icecap to the Tropics twice a year—plover (grey and golden), stints, phalaropes, and the little russet-breasted curlew-sandpiper. I saw all these, and recognised the romance of their lives well enough; but there was not a note among them all that clutched at the throat like the sudden delicious warble of the first willow wren of the summer, or the blithe "clack-clack" of our English fieldfares as they rise from their feast of November haws. Indeed, there was only one bird of those Arctic marshes over which I could find it in me to become sentimental, and that was the little stint.



NESTING PLACE OF THE STINT ON THE ESTUARY OF THE YENESEI.

of fairy tales around the green linnet and the hedge-sparrow; nevertheless, it plays no small part in the matter. Here I speak of what I know and have seen, for I spent last summer in Northern Siberia, where the great Yenesei River opens into the Polar Sea. The birds of those coasts are waders

How shall I describe the little stint? For all practical purposes a museum catalogue would outline his plumage, distribution and affinities. In appearance he is a pigmy dunlin, and his eggs are little dunlin's eggs. His summer haunts are along the Arctic shores of the Old World from the

White Sea to the Taimyr Peninsula, around the islands and great estuaries. Beyond the Taimyr, you still to all intents have little stints, but the museum men separate the form of the Eastern tundras, *Tringa minuta ruficollis*, from the Western and typical sub-species, *Tringa minuta minuta*. It is a clumsy name for a being so

small and nimble, and as I set it down here in script, it takes up almost as much room as the little stint himself would do if he could walk into the page. I am only sorry that he cannot, for, however you try to do so, it is a silly thing to write about a bird. Its charm can never be put down in mere words and set up in type afterwards. But as there is a certain elusive receptiveness among bird lovers, by which it is sometimes possible to convey an impression, not indirectly by the medium of pen and ink, but directly, as the flame passes from a match to a lamp, I will try to tell of the personality of the little stint as I saw him in the Siberian marshes.

It was a dull, bitter day at the end of June, and the banks of the river were still loaded with snowdrifts. But as an earnest that the warm weather would come soon, the surface of the snow was glazed with thaw, and—chief hostages of summer—the stints and phalaropes and buntings and pipits, newly arrived from the South, were all feeding and fighting and courting and playing beside the pools. They were all exceedingly busy, but the little stint was much the busiest of them all. The Temminck's stints and phalaropes, who were his fellows, took alarm readily, and protested when



THE LITTLE STINT.

the shaggy sledge-dogs that haunted the settlement blundered near; but the little stints were much too occupied to delay, either from fear or curiosity. "The summer was so short: eight weeks only, in which eggs must be laid and hatched, and chicks reared into strong-flighted birds, so that there was no time to dawdle," said the little

stints, dabbling fussily in the ooze. A week later, when the snow was more than half gone, the little stints began to nest.

Along the edge of the marshes, and in some places crossing them like a natural causeway, were ridges of ground, a little higher and drier than the surrounding sphagnum. These ridges, which were often overgrown with dwarf willow scrub, were much loved by the little stints, and the nest was a tiny cup in the moss at their roots, generally lined with the dry leaves. In such a spot you might safely engage to find at least one pair of birds.

Two qualities in particular appeal in the little stint. One is his confident assumption that you are his sincerest well-wisher, and the other is his intensely serious demeanour. You cannot joke before a little stint—his deportment in itself is a rebuke to levity—and he takes it for granted that you will not hurt him, as he goes about his small and most pressing affairs, almost within reach of the toe of your shoe.

With the stints there are no distinctions of sex, except those purely anatomical ones for which Nature only is responsible. The male and the female—I know not whether



FEEDING IN THE SNOW.

it is either or both—incubate indiscriminately, and when there is a nest, she, or he as the case may be, is sublimated above the common earth. She ignores entirely the great invading human creature, or, if she notices it at all, it is only to entreat it not to trample upon her treasures or interrupt her duties. As with so many birds, it seems as if the life of the race that is within her has power to raise the stint above such things as the need for food and self preservation. For a while the counsels of those lower instincts of the individual are swallowed up in the larger impulse which bids her live only for the stints that are yet to be. It is in this small, grave preoccupation and innocent importance that so much of the charm of the little stint lies. But if you touch the eggs: that is another matter! Not angrily, but ever so plaintively, with a little pipe as soft as the wind over the marsh grass, she calls heaven to witness that you are the biggest brute in Siberia, not because of any danger to herself, but because you threaten the next generation of little stints, which it is her care to foster. Then, in a panic of maternity, she will flit up into your face with a puff of wings, and dropping back, begin to mangle with anxious art, pirouetting sideways with ruffled feathers and trailing wings, and all her silvery under plumage laid bare to the wind. Then she jumps like a marionette and runs in little circles, quivering all the while in an agony of apprehension, and pleading with you to believe her pantomime and follow her away from the nest. But this paroxysm of maternal anxiety sinks as quickly as it arose, and before you have moved forty paces from the nest the mother bird is back, cuddling down upon her eggs and talking to them in small, foolish talk, just because she is so happy to cover them again.

Later on, when the shells chip and little voices can answer faintly to her lullabies, her obsession to brood grows stronger still, and she will allow herself to be taken in the hand



APPROACHING THE NEST.

rather than that the babies should take cold. One evening I watched a cock stint who was very busy in the marsh. Presently he flew past me unsteadily. His long bill was weighted down with something that my binoculars told me was a piece of eggshell. He placed it on the moss and returned to a tussock of grass, whence he soon reappeared with a second piece of eggshell. I walked over to the spot and found a nest there, containing four moist chicks. It is curious that the parent should be at such pains to remove the eggshell, for the young ones leave the nest as soon as their down is dry. This stint was much too busy and important to use any hypocrisies to lead me away. He troubled not the least at my presence, and when I laid my cap over the chicks

he merely whistled "Whew!" to himself, impatiently, and, creeping underneath, he brooded there without a tremor.

But as soon as the chicks are able to run about, all this is changed, and as you walk over the tundra the parents rise right and left, and flash round you on small dagger grey wings, conjuring you by this and that to pass on and leave them in peace. At such times I think that both old birds are present, although I have never seen more than one near a nest containing eggs.

All waders are sociable. During the actual time of incubation the birds live in enforced solitude, but as soon



SITTING.

as the broods are well grown they begin to flock; and after that, for the greater part of the year, they live in societies. But in the Arctic, where the whole summer is rushed into the space of eight weeks, the flockings of the waders are no such leisurely convocations. As soon as the young can run, one family joins another, and as the range of the toddlers extends day by day, this party absorbs others until, by the time that the flight quills of the young are grown, great flocks of birds are formed on the tundra.

Then, for three weeks, at the end of July, the little stints are able to enjoy the good summer weather that a kind Providence sends to the Yenesei in August, to make amends for the storms that are to be. That is the picnic of their lives, when the cares and dangers of the nesting season are over, and they have nothing to do but paddle on the warm white sandflats and take romping, helter-skelter flights over the tundra with their fellows. Often, on a fine still evening, as I watched a flock skimming over a river whose languorous waters were tinged opal with sunset, I was reminded of the swallows that hawk for May flies over our British rivers in the gloaming; for in build the little stints were only a little heavier than swallows, and in flight only a little less beautiful.

But these halcyon days pass quickly. Already, as the bright Arctic flowers fade and the sun dips nightly below the horizon, little flocks of stints are seen flying southwards up the river in dozens and half scores. Not downhearted—oh dear no!—but very important and in earnest, piping to each other, in quick notes as they fly, about the good summer that they have spent and the good broods that they have reared, and about the 3,000 mile journey that they are taking to the South. So day by day they pass until, by the end of August, you may walk for many versts and never see a bird. And the tundra, ribbed white after the first snowfall of the winter, is the sadder for their going.



THE family portraits in the hall call for no description. The best are in the small dining-room to the left of the entrance, a charming room oak-panelled to the ceiling, with a fine fireplace, and a full coat of arms bearing the date 1599. There, opposite the door, hangs Sir Edward Phelps, the builder of Montacute. He studied law, entered Parliament in 1601 as Knight of the Shire for Somerset, and was made King's Sergeant and knighted in 1603. In the following year he was elected Speaker of the House of Commons by acclamation.

He is depicted in this portrait standing at a table on which lies the mace, a sober-looking gentleman clad in black, with a black velvet cap, snowy ruff, and white, slender hands. Sir Edward was a strong anti-Catholic. He once condemned a man to death for the offence of "entertaining a Jesuit," and it was he who in 1606 opened with zest the indictment against Guy Fawkes for his share in the Gunpowder Plot. The papers containing his notes of the trial were discovered at Montacute some sixty years ago, after having been long forgotten. Sir Edward Phelps finished his career as Master of the Rolls. The portraits here in the dining-room of King James, of his daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, of the Earl of Essex, of Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Thomas Egerton

no doubt date from the time when the owner of Montacute moved amid the highest dignitaries of the land.

In the same room is a portrait by Vandyke of his successor, Sir Robert Phelps who, after a very chequered political career, died in 1635. His sons were strong on the side of the King. Montacute itself was visited by a Parliamentary force during the war, but it escaped practically unscathed. The estate was sequestered from Colonel Edward Phelps, the owner, but he got it safely back at the Restoration. His brother Robert, an eager Royalist like himself, had the distinction of acting as guide to Charles II in his perilous flight after Worcester in 1651. He received a mysterious message begging for a meeting at the King's Arms, Salisbury. Keeping the appointment, he found Lord Wilmott, who asked him "if he could help a Gentleman in distress out of the Kingdom" and, after a little fencing, told him frankly that the "Gentleman in distress" was none other than King Charles, then in hiding at Colonel Windham's house at Trent. "No one," said Lord Wilmott, "is more capable to serve him in this exigent than yourself." Of course, Colonel Phelps assented. First he rode off to Southampton in the hope of chartering a ship, but failing there, he resolved to try the Sussex Coast. He met Charles at Hele, three miles from Salisbury, and together





"COUNTRY LIFE."

IN THE LIBRARY.

Copyright.



Copyright.

PLASTER FRIEZE IN BROWN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

they made their perilous way down to Brighton, where the King took ship for France. That is the most romantic episode in the family annals of Montacute.

By far the most beautiful room in the house is the library (formerly the Great Chamber) on the first floor in one of the wings. This is a spacious apartment with a deep bay window at the far end, raised a step above the floor of the room, and providing a broad window seat. This looks out upon the Garden Court and the park beyond. The upper part of the window is filled with armorial glass, most of it of considerable antiquity, showing the arms of the families with which the Phe-lipses have intermarried. The room was oak-panelled about seventy years ago. The book-cases, with wire-lattice doors, reach to the height of the pillars of the stately mantel-piece, and above them is a rich plaster frieze of sculptured panels, and a plaster ceiling of

geometrical design. The two niches above the columns of the stone fireplace once contained stone figures, but they offended the canons of mid-Victorian taste, and were sold

into exile and disgrace. Before the new paneling was put in, this room contained a very richly carved and elaborate oak doorway. This was taken out and parts of it re-erected in different shape in an upstairs room, from which they are about to be recovered and replaced in their old position. Below the library and of the same dimensions is what used to be the large dining-room. Here the stonework of the fireplace—the handsomest in the house—has been scraped clean of its disfiguring paint and revealed in all its original beauty. The frieze is much narrower in this room, and the shields of Tudor roses are varied with a quaint procession of domestic animals. This room is beautifully panelled in old oak, richly carved. The drawing-room is a light apartment



Copyright.

ON THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with windows looking down the avenue and on to the garden at the side.

Montacute is not rich in old furniture, for an unfortunate clearance, two or three generations ago, denuded the house of much that would now be considered priceless. But in the permanent decoration of stone and plaster work it has few superiors. Not only in the principal living-rooms, but also in the bedrooms, the same lavish adornment is found. Yet another unique feature remains to be mentioned; that is, the long gallery on the top floor, which runs the whole length of the building, and terminates at each end in a deep, rounded oriel, flanked by ordinary windows.

This long gallery is 189ft. in length, and has an arching roof. It is now used as a store-place. One of the books says, with doubtful accuracy, that it was originally built by Sir Edward Phelps as a library, but that it was dismantled and the books destroyed during the Civil War. It contains two interesting old pieces of furniture in the shape of massive tables with ponderous and bulbous legs, which doubtless served their day of usefulness in the big hall.

The gardens at Montacute are not merely famous; they arouse a passionate admiration among all lovers of the formal garden. Theirs is the simplicity which is the perfection of art. These gardens, the upper and the lower, lie on either side of the forecourt. The upper is some 350ft. long by 150ft. broad and consists of a fine lawn bordered by gravel walks and yew hedges. At the further end is a stone arched summer-house and a yew walk where the close-clipped trees are being trained to meet overhead and form a green arcade. But the more beautiful of the two gardens is the lower, on the north-east side of the forecourt. This is sunk several feet below the surrounding terraces, the principal one of which, 15yds. wide, is approached from the house itself by a graceful flight of steps and from the forecourt by a broader flight through iron gates.

It is impossible to overpraise this garden. In the centre of the emerald turf is a fountained basin of water, surrounded by a graceful open balustrade in stone. Down one side runs a tall hedge of yew, dense, massive, 9ft. wide across its



Copyright.

FLEMISH CHEST OF C. 1520.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE PRIORY: SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

NORTH FRONT OF GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

level top, and black with impenetrable gloom. A lower hedge, with an opening cut in the centre to provide a charming view of the pleasing landscape beyond, forms a second side; on the third is the park; and the fourth is bordered by the broad terrace and one side of the house.

A few tall, shapely yews are set in the garden and allowed to grow free, while many others have been moulded by the gardener's art to the desired proportions—thick, bushy and round. There is no monotony in this unrelieved use of the yew, and no melancholy. The result achieved is a happy blend of dignity and serenity, and the house itself imparts the necessary colour, warmth and life.

Near the church, at the other end of Montacute village is an exquisite relic of mediæval architecture. This is the gateway of the Cluniac Priory, founded early in the reign of Henry I by a son of the insatiable robber Earl, who built the castle on the top of St. Michael's Hill. The Priory itself has vanished. Its site lies in the big open field through the gate, where the tumbled mounds mark the hidden masonry. But the gateway has happily been preserved, like the famous gateway at Worksop, and with the adjoining buildings which blend with it into a delightful whole, it serves as a farmhouse.

A rough wooden partition partially fills the tall graceful archway, above which is a chamber with oriel windows back and front, and on either side is a battlemented turret, one lower than the other, so that the eye ascends by gentle and easy gradation to the topmost stone.

Above the oriel window on the north side is seen the device of a portcullis, on the south side appear the letters T. C., the initials of Thomas Chard, the last Prior but one. This gateway, therefore, which should be seen both back and front, had not been long completed before Petre, the King's Commissioner, received the surrender of the Priory.

The best thing about Montacute Church is its handsome Perpendicular tower. Inside are many monuments and mural slabs of the Phelipses—some of them dating much further back than the foundation of their noble mansion—but they are of slender artistic merit and interest. One would have expected that Speaker Sir Edward Phelips at least would have been honoured by a noble monument, dying as



THE PRIORY GATEHOUSE.

he did when it was the fashion to spend hundreds of pounds upon Italian marbles.

We leave Montacute—house, Priory Gate and church—with a renewed sense of the intimate association between the domestic and religious and national lives of England during the great centuries which laid the foundation for the society of our own day.

F.

A WAR MEDLEY.

IT may very possibly happen that the play of "Armageddon" may attract audiences for some length of time. Its demerits are those that appeal to the crowd, and the topic is the most enthralling one at the moment. But we can scarcely imagine anyone wishing to read the printed poem—*Armageddon*, a modern epic drama in a prologue series of scenes and an epilogue written partly in prose and partly in verse (John Lane)—twice. In it Mr. Stephen Phillips has attempted the impossible. We are all too near the war yet to see it in its just proportions, and, at any rate, an episode of such astounding magnitude in the world's history will derive its historic colour from the end, which is not yet. A less confident and ambitious

dramatist would have been content to make a play out of one episode. He would not have ventured to bring in the whole as long as only a part is known. In any case, the construction of the drama could not be considered good. It opens with a prologue spoken in Hell, in the Miltonic manner. Satan calls up Attila and despatches him to inhabit the body of the Kaiser, and then in the first act the author forsakes the Maker of Harmonies for Gilbert and Sullivan. The scene in the German Press Bureau at Berlin passes the bounds of burlesque. Gilbert would have revelled in the dismissal of Herr Weiss for having published the truth. "But it was not my oversight. It was the lapse of a subordinate—the lapse into truth!" We seem to be back into comic opera when we read this sort of thing, and commonsense revolts. The idea that the German authorities degraded and punished officials because of their venturing to convey accurate information will not stand thinking about. Moreover, the idea of fortifying a town with bodies piled even 3ft. in height would be simply laughable, if it were not so gruesome. Needless to say, we are not pointing this out in defence of the German character. But it should have been possible to illustrate the lapse into barbarism without having recourse to such rough and primitive devices. To produce illusion is the end of dramatic art; but a heavy ploughman would not for a moment be led by this fustian to think they were listening to or reading any real facts about the nation with which we are at war.

IN THE GARDEN.

HARDY PERENNIAL FLOWERS FROM SEED.

SEVERAL bold groups of the Dropmore Alkanet, each plant a pyramid of the choicest blue, that are flowering in the border just now remind one that they were raised from seeds sown during June, 1913. To the experienced gardener there is, of course, nothing exceptional about them. A quicker way of getting flowering plants is undoubtedly to propagate this Alkanet by means of root cuttings, but to get these one must necessarily have a plant. Besides the Alkanets there are groups of Lupines, some blue, others white, and others again with chequered purple and white blossoms; Oriental Poppies of several hues; and that useful, though at times rather garish, border plant Geum Mrs. Bradshaw. All were raised from seeds, and their vigour is certainly considerably in advance of other plants of the

same kind procured by the more rapid methods of propagation. The raising of many kinds of perennial flowers from seeds is by no means a difficult task, but it is one that calls for a maximum amount of patience. It is true that some can be raised in artificial heat early in the year and be made to blossom late in the succeeding autumn, but I never could see the object of this. The forcing at top speed lowers the vitality of the seedlings, and unless done for some special purpose, the system is one that is better left alone. Then, again, March and April sowings may be made, usually in boxes or pans in a cold frame, the seedlings subsequently undergoing the process of transplanting into prepared beds in the open, where they remain until the autumn. By that time they are sturdy plants, suitable for permanent positions in beds or border, where they will flower the next spring or summer. But at the present moment



A BORDER OF HARDY FLOWERS. MANY COULD BE RAISED FROM SEEDS.

summer or outdoor sowing is what most concerns us. The plants raised from seed put in during the next week or two will in most instances flower next year. The blossoms of some will be small, and not very abundant, but by the spring, summer or autumn of 1917 all the seedlings will, if given good treatment, make magnificent specimens.

The one respect in which some will be inferior is the colour and form of the flowers. The sowing of seeds of hardy plants is a pleasant speculation, inasmuch as one is never quite sure what the result will be. In a number of seedlings it will be disappointing, in the majority satisfactory, and in a few highly pleasing, because, if the parents are good, one is almost certain to get a few of the progeny giving flowers of rather better form, colour or substance.

Sowing the Seed.—For outdoor sowing at the present time it is necessary to secure a well dug piece of ground in some easily accessible, though not conspicuous, open place. It need not be heavily manured, because, before the seedlings are large enough to make use of the nourishment, they will need transferring to other quarters. It is essential, however, that the soil be thoroughly pulverised to a depth of at least 3in.—double that would be better. If into the upper portion some flaky leaf soil, that has been well rotted, can be well mixed, this will prove of considerable benefit, inasmuch as it encourages the formation of masses of fibrous roots so essential where early transplanting has to be carried out. This must not, however, be taken to mean that such material is an absolute necessity, but rather as advantageous. The seed ought always to be sown in rows, not less than 1ft. apart, as this facilitates the destruction of weeds later on. The depth to sow will naturally vary according to the size of the seeds. Thus, if one were dealing with that of the Oriental Poppy, which is very minute, a quarter of an inch covering of soil would suffice, while the larger ones, such as those of Alkanet and Geum, would need a good inch of earth. It will be seen, therefore, that common sense must be brought into use. The drills should be made broad, and each well watered before the seed is sown. One finds it necessary to emphasise the importance of thin sowing, as, in spite of all that has been written on this point, even otherwise good gardeners may be seen sowing seed of flowers like they would that of Mustard and Cress.

The Treatment of Seedlings.—Just when the seedlings will be ready for transplanting will depend to a very great extent on circumstances and, in lesser degree, on the kind. The seed of some perennials is notoriously erratic in germination; sometimes it will sprout very quickly and at others lie dormant for weeks. Again, the seedlings of some grow much more rapidly than others, hence in this, as in nearly everything else connected with gardening, one cannot lay down hard-and-fast rules. Many kinds will undoubtedly be ready for moving by the middle of August, or possibly earlier, the right stage being when they are about 2in. high. The seedlings then ought to go into soil that has been deeply dug and liberally manured, planting them in rows from 1ft. to 15in. apart, and allowing at least 6in. between the plants in the row. In this position they will remain until the end of October or early November, when they can, if so desired, be planted in their permanent positions. A plan that I find answers better, however, is to leave them where they are for a year. A great many will flower next summer, and the very best can be selected for permanent use, those that are obviously bad being promptly uprooted. As already indicated, they will, by the late autumn of next year, have made strong, vigorous plants that will give an excellent display during 1917. A long time to look forward to, perhaps, but the interval of waiting will not have been devoid of interest.

Kinds to Sow.—Most seed firms offer in their catalogues seeds of hardy perennials, and if the firm is one of repute, these will have been saved from good parents. Cheap seeds of any kind, and especially perennials, should be shunned like the plague. They will grow lustily, but the results, after from one to two years' waiting, are certain to be disappointing. The following kinds may be sown now with good prospects of success: *Alyssum, Anemone, Aquilegia or Columbine, *Arabis alpina, *Aubrietia, Corcopsis, *Campanula, *Centranthus or Red Valerian, Delphinium, *Dianthus or Pink, *Digitalis or Foxglove, Gaillardia, Geum

Mrs. Bradshaw, Gypsophila paniculata, Hollyhock, Lathyrus latifolius or Everlasting Pea, *Linum perenne or perennial Flax, Lupinus arboreus and L. polyphyllus, *Oenothera or Evening Primrose, Papaver or Poppy, the Oriental, *Welsh and *Iceland types; *Pentstemons and Pyrethrum. Those marked with an asterisk may be expected to flower well next year, the others not so freely. In addition to perennials, biennials or plants best treated as such, e.g., Wallflowers, Antirrhinums and Canterbury Bells, should also be sown now. F. W. H.

JAPANESE TREES AT COOMBE WOOD.

FEW deciduous trees have a greater value for ornamental planting than that elegant group of plants popularly known to gardeners as "Japanese Maples." These are foliage varieties of two species, *Acer palmatum* and *A. japonicum*.



CORNUS MACROPHYLLA AT COOMBE WOOD.



E. J. Wallis. A LARGE SPECIMEN OF THE JAPANESE MAPLE, ACER PALMATUM. Copyright.

introduced from the Far East by Messrs Veitch in the early sixties, although the type of *A. palmatum* found a place in English gardens as long ago as 1820. During the last fifty years many new and pretty forms have been introduced, distinguished by their elegantly dissected, richly coloured foliage and graceful habit. The finest specimen I have seen is at Coombe Wood, where many rare and interesting Maples from the East have been in cultivation. It was sent home from Japan in 1861 by John Gould Veitch, and in 1904 had attained a height of 25ft. with a diameter of 26ft. In summer, when its dense crown of delicate greenery is fully developed, it is a very handsome tree. Mr. Wallis's excellent photograph brings out well the characteristic habit of the species.

Growing in close proximity to this Maple is a fine example of one of the evergreen Oaks of Japan, *Quercus acuta*. It was planted in its present position shortly after its introduction by the Veitchian collector, Maries, in 1877. Although growing in an exposed situation on a cold clay soil, it has made vigorous growth, and has attained a height of over 20ft., and appears to



E. J. Wallis

A RARE EVERGREEN OAK, QUERCUS ACUTA.

Copyright.

usually fine one, being over 17ft. high and 12ft. through. This species, which is the largest of all the hardy Cornels, is a very ornamental shrub when in flower, which was, unfortunately, not the case when the photograph was taken. Messrs. Veitch state that the Coombe Wood specimen flowers very freely in alternate seasons, the flower-heads being from 2½ in. to 5 in. across. In its native state *Cornus macrophylla* has a wide distribution, occurring from the North-west Himalayas eastward to China and Japan, and is usually 15ft. to 30ft. in height, but examples up to 50ft. high are on record. It is to be hoped that steps will be taken to preserve these interesting trees from destruction.

A. BRUCE JACKSON.

DAPPING FOR TROUT IN DEVON.

BY G. GARROW-GREEN.

EXCLUDING the usual Green Drake rise, the trout fisherman is rather handicapped in the hot months where artificial fly is the only permissible lure, and it is a matter of extreme difficulty to get anything approaching a decent creel; take, for instance, the dry and blazing weather which has characterised the past month of roses. In such weather trout become more or less apathetic with the diminution of water and the high temperature of what they have left to swim in, and are scarcely to be tempted by the most ingenious fly fisherman, either of the dry or wet fly school. True that matters improve at sunset, and the chances of the evening rise may put a few fish into the pannier; but what of the long, delicious days by the riverside when no *finesse*, no delicate manipulation of excellent imitations will rouse the predatory instincts of those lusty big fellows whose occasional dimples in the dark, still water of the oak-canopied pools are so tantalising? Nevertheless, the cautious angler can get on terms with these scornful trouts, and that in a way that disarms all suspicion.

It is quite simple, as the conjurers say, always provided that he is not tied down to the use of artificial flies only—a most exasperating rule, by the way, on too many waters once midsummer suns discount our utmost efforts. This method is to substitute the natural for the artificial insect, and present the real article to the trout Devonshire way, as I shall now attempt to describe from practical experience. This artful manner of fishing with living flies bears no relation to the dapping practised on the Irish loughs, nor does it mean dabling a fluttering insect on the surface. In fair Devon we go deeper, and perhaps of all forms of trout fishing there is no more deadly means of putting a good dish together. The surroundings must, however, be favourable, and success cannot be looked for unless the angler is prepared to exercise the utmost care and attention. Happily

for themselves, many expert trout fishermen are not artificial fly purists, and can enjoy summer fishing under peculiarly exciting conditions. For those to whom the Devon trick is a novelty these lines are penned with a view to their having sport, and I hope to explain it so that they can dispense with practical instruction.

First, the places for attempting this style of dapping should be reaches of dead water and deep pools without current at the sides; and deep spots where the flow is almost imperceptible can also be exploited with effect. In most rivers many such will be known to fishermen. Some depth is always a good factor; still, as trout are sure to lie under or near banks where there may be only a foot or two of water, these last should not be passed over, granted that the water is currentless. As to tackle, a lengthy and fairly stiff fly rod is desirable for the several purposes of reaching far out when necessary with an exceedingly short line, perhaps over obstacles, keeping the performer well back from the edge, and playing or lifting a hooked fish more effectually than could be done with a light, short weapon. Casts need never exceed four and a half feet, and should be made of the finest undrawn gut, known as "refinucha," and that of selected quality. The hook tackle consists of two small hooks tied to the gut and arranged as Pennell worm tackle, save that the upper hook is immediately above the lower. Model perfect hooks Size 16 answer admirably. Just at the top of the upper hook-shank one pellet of snipe shot (No. 8) is pinched on. In case of accidents, it is advisable to carry several of these casts ready for use, and they should all be well soaked in cold water before starting after being examined and tested. We must now consider the bait. The Oak fly, or Down-looker, is commonly found perched on oak trunks with its head pointed downwards, and is a first-rate dap, but difficult to procure in sufficient numbers. I should say here that live

flies are put into and kept in a small carrier of perforated zinc shaped like a flat bottle. Failing this, a simpler carrier would be a six-ounce medicine bottle with side grooves cut in the cork to admit air, but flies live longer in the first. Next to Oak flies come Wood flies, which, personally, I consider an equally deadly lure. These are about twice the size of the common house fly, and are rather lengthy, with black bodies. As the name imports, they are mostly to be found near or amid timber, where cattle graze especially. They collect in swarms upon fresh droppings and there are two ways of catching them, viz., (1) to poise a small band-box, as a boy's bird-crib, over a dropping, and keeping motionless within reach, to whack it down suddenly when a number of flies have collected. This plan entails the fixing of the carrier (inverted) through a hole in the centre of the bottom of the box. When a coup is effected, the flies make upward to the light and fill the bottle. (2) An easier plan is to lie low close to a dropping armed with a foliated twig, which is smartly struck down on a collected group. Many flies will be only stunned and recover activity when bottled. Perhaps the best way is to pay a deputy to secure a supply of these Wood flies, which are unfailing killers.

A skilful Totnes dapper, whose success I can vouch for, has told me of a substitute for Wood flies which is little inferior. These are the blow flies produced from gentles. My friend puts a handful of gentles with some bran in a large uncovered sweet tin, to which he fits a perforated zinc cone, the apex of which is corked. This is kept in a dark place. In about ten days the chrysalides of the gentles develop into well sized flies. He then puts the mouth of his carrier into the top of the zinc cone, rattles the tin, and up go the flies. Common blue bottles would rank fourth if sufficient could be caught, and any large flies or moths found on herbage by the waterside will take fish. I must not omit one indispensable factor. In every case it is necessary to bait one or two gentles on one of the hooks, or have a fly on each plus a gentle on the points. The hook is simply stuck through the back of a fly (two flies are better than one) where the wings commence, and to put on gentles, just nick in the barb of the hook cannily at the extremity of their blunt end. Flies will live for some time under water, gentles still longer, but both should be replaced when their activity ceases. Some dappers use a substitute for live flies, but though a good bait, it is never so deadly. This is a black Palmer tied without ribbing on a No. 11 (old scale) hook, with two gentles on the point, and the shot pellet fixed at the head of the fly. In August grasshoppers are largely used, and these require no gentles.

Now for the *modus operandi*. Provided as described, the angler seeks the still deeps and quiet reaches where oaks or other trees canopy the water near the banks, and bushes, etc., afford some concealment. It is useful that the spots to be exploited should be known beforehand; there must be no looking into the water, and approaches cannot be too cautiously made. With a very short line, little more than the gut cast, the dap is dropped in. In all cases where the bank permits, and there is some depth of still water immediately beneath it, first trials should be made close in. Sink the dap a foot or so and hold steady. Should nothing happen in, say, a minute, draw the bait upwards a little and sink it again, a manoeuvre likely to attract some roving trout. Even where the water is of inconsiderable depth, large trout will also haunt the bankside, and here the dap need only be sunk a few inches. Where there is some very slight, slow movement of the water, cast underhand gently up-stream

and let the bait work down to the angler's position, keeping the rod point as vertically over it as possible. After the bank water at a spot is sufficiently tried, and the place rested if a fish be hooked, light underhand casts with a little more reel line may be made further out, especially under foliage which droops over the water, as trout are on the look-out for flies and larvæ dropping in off the leaves. Then, when the dap becomes vertically under the rod top, it may be held a little, and sunk and drawn before another such cast is delivered, as a trout will often follow it in. Wherever rises are observed anywhere within short range of the bank, it is well to flick the bait very lightly over them.

I would here observe that in the style of working under consideration, none of the reel line is immersed; in making an outward cast a little longer than usual, perhaps two yards or so of it might be required, but this is nearly all gathered in as the bait, in sinking, approaches the angler. The first indication of a bite is usually a slight twitch. This the old hand disregards, continuing to hold his rod perfectly steady; but he strikes smartly a couple of seconds after a second twitch, or in every case should the gut sail away. I need scarcely say that the standing position, unless one is well screened in front, would be most likely to betray the angler's presence; he will do well to lie as low as possible, and, what is almost equally important, preserve a motionless attitude. It is most exciting, as well as interesting, to watch a good trout coming at the dap, and I have frequently had the good fortune to do so through a peep-hole in the scrub behind which I was concealed. This is what usually happens: A trout will move out quietly from under the bank, or come in from outside, just lip the deceptive dainty, and then slowly retire. In a few moments the fish will reappear, circle round the dap and, as if unable to resist temptation any longer, take it in and move leisurely away.

In many spots it may be impossible to use the net owing to obstacles. If the trout, played to utter exhaustion, be under one pound, it may be lifted with line shortened to the cast only; if above that weight, it is better to take out the top joint and raise it with the other two. Assuming that the trout is lying upon the surface, its mouth held over the water (which has a paralysing effect), this lifting process must be done *very slowly and quietly*, and with an eye to avoid catchy brambles, etc. Anxiety to grass the fish must be put forcibly aside. Some Totnes men reel their fish up to the tip of the rod. Although too late for the present season, it may be useful to mention the most fatal of all daps, in view of the next one. This is a greenish caterpillar to be picked off or thrashed down from the foliage of oaks and elms, chiefly the first, from the end of May to mid-June. A single hook is used, say a No. 10 model perfect for choice, and a pellet of No. 7 shot is fixed nine inches above the hook. A caterpillar is squashed and smeared over the entire hook to facilitate baiting, which is not easy, as the bait must not be broken. The hook is entered in the blunt end of a caterpillar, which is carefully worked up to the top of the arming. Trout seem to go fairly mad, and lose their usual caution over this most deadly lure. It is fished as above described, but trout do not hesitate about taking it, and five or six seconds' time should be given before striking unless the gut moves away. This Devon system of dapping which I have endeavoured to describe is best practised on hot, windless days; whether cloudy or bright is of no consequence, but if the last, the fisherman must on no account allow the sun to throw the shadows of himself or his rod upon the water.

THE RED CROSS EXHIBITION OF OLD ENGLISH PLATE.

By C. J. JACKSON.

THE Exhibition of Old English Plate lent by various owners in aid of the funds of the British Red Cross Society, which was arranged by Messrs. Garrard and Co. at their premises in Albemarle Street, W., afforded admirers of antique silver-work an opportunity of closely inspecting examples of that art such as have very rarely been exposed to public view. Messrs. Garrard's appeal to owners of antique plate for loans from their collections was freely responded to, and by their generosity and that of Messrs. Garrard and their friends, who with united effort arranged the exhibition and prepared the beautifully illustrated catalogue, it is hoped that the funds of the Red Cross Society will be appreciably increased.

His Majesty the King lent eighteen examples of various dates from 1660 to 1801. Among these is a coffee-pot which originally belonged to King William and Queen Mary. It is a coffee-pot of the earliest English pattern, and bears the London hall-marks of the year 1689. It has a plain, tapering, circular body, a hinged conical lid, a straight

spout and a crescent-shaped ebony handle, fixed at a right angle with the spout.

A more decorative object belonging to His Majesty was an epergne of the year 1758 designed in the Rococo style of the late George II period. It consists of a pierced oval fruit dish resting on six ornamental scroll-shaped legs extending upwards in support of a pierced trellis-work canopy decorated with vine leaves and bunches of grapes; and extending from each of the legs is a scroll-shaped branch supporting a small shallow fruit dish in the form of a vine leaf.

Her Majesty the Queen lent a porringer-shaped cup of the year 1696 and a tea set of 1807. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra lent a bread basket of the year 1740, and a highly decorated covered cup wrought in the Italian style of the sixteenth century, surmounted by a figure representing Time holding a scythe and spear.

One of the earliest and most uncommon of all the exhibits was the Howard Grace cup, which was lent by His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G. (see illustration). It

displays the influence of the Renaissance on English silver-work of the first quarter of the sixteenth century in a remarkable degree. The bowl and stem of the cup are of ivory, shaped like a miniature font and mounted on a high silver-gilt foot, having a bevelled, moulded base ornamented with a line of beads and a twisted girdle. Above the moulded base a narrow enriched moulding supports a high pierced band of Renaissance scroll foliage, flowers and masks in relief, and sloping upward and inward above this is a deep silver band, its lower part ornamented with flower work and jewels (much of which is, however, missing) and encircled midway by a band of Tudor flower cresting. The part above this, which comprises the stem and about half of the bowl, is the original uncovered ivory, but the upper half of the bowl has a broad silver-gilt band, having the legend *VINVM TVVM BIBE CVM GAVDIO* engraved in Lombardic letters on a hatched ground, with a moulded and ornamentally stamped border above and below. The top of this band is the moulded lip of the bowl, to which is attached the silver-gilt lining of the interior. The flat cover is of ivory enclosed by a border of pierced silver work ornamented with miniature vases, scroll foliage and flowers, set with garnets and pearls between two mouldings, the lower one cabled, the upper surmounted with a miniature cresting. On the flat part of the ivory lid is a silver band, on which is engraved *ESTOTE SOBRII* in Lombardic characters, with a mitre and the letters *T B* between the words, and repeated at the end of the sentence. Raised in the centre of the cover is a small cylindrical section with a vertical silver-gilt border of scroll foliage and flowers and a plain band inscribed *FERARE GOD* (Fear God). Above this is a large finial knop composed of two lobed bosses set with pearls and garnets, and surmounted by a figure of St. George on foot slaying the dragon. The cup, with its cover, is 12½ in. high by 4½ in. in diameter, and bears the London hall-marks of 1525. It is said to have been bequeathed to Queen Katherine of Aragon by Sir Edward Howard, Standard-bearer to Henry VIII, and after the death of that Queen to have reverted to the Howard family, whence it has passed with the Arundel collections into the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk.

The Tudor and Early Stuart periods were well represented in the exhibition by examples from several

contributors. Among these were standing salts with cylindrical bodies and others of bell-shaped form, standing cups, tankards and silver-mounted stoneware jugs.

Of the standing salts, one of the year 1599, lent by Mrs.

Hornsby Drake, calls for particular mention. It is 16½ in. high, and has a plain cylindrical body surmounted by a two-tiered domical cover, each tier supported by four scroll brackets, and above the upper dome, supported by four female figures, is a four-sided steeple surmounted by a vase-shaped finial. There are other more elaborate examples of the standing salt in the exhibition, but scarcely any that is more pleasing in design. Of standing cups, those with steeple-topped covers are the most numerous; one of the year 1616, lent by Mr. John Noble, is a good example, but the cover, the form and decoration of which are in complete harmony with the cup itself, bears the hall-mark of 1614, which may be accounted for by a covered cup of the same design having been made in each of the two years and the covers changed at a later date.

The most interesting of all the cups of the Stuart period was, probably by reason of its association, one lent by His Grace the Duke of Portland, K.G., from the collection preserved at Welbeck Abbey—the cup from which King Charles I received his last Communion (see illustration). The bowl of this cup is plain and of conical form; the stem is a moulded baluster, supported by a plain low foot, on which is engraved in the style of the first half of the seventeenth century: *King Charles the first received the Communion in this Bowle on tuesday the 30th of January 1648 being the day in which he was Murthered* (1648, old style, being 1649 according to our present style of reckoning). The cup is 7½ in. high, and bears the London hall-marks for 1629-30.

The boldly ornate silver work of the Charles II period was also well represented by a number of loans from the Welbeck Collection. Among these a covered beaker and a pair of covered jars of the year 1675-6 call for particular attention by reason of their pleasing simplicity of form and boldness of decoration (see illustration). The form of the jars resembles that of Oriental porcelain pot-pourri jars, which were

imported into Europe in the seventeenth century; each jar is embossed with a row of vertical acanthus leaves alternating with palms around the base and a row of similar



THE HOWARD GRACE CUP.

alternating leaves, inverted, around the top, the whole of the intervening space being embossed with tulips and anemones on gracefully curving foliated stems. The low, vertical neck is covered by a lid, the top of which is embossed with a radiating flower.

The beaker, while being entirely in harmony with the jars in design and execution, differs greatly from them, both in form and decoration. Its base is surrounded by a narrow convex band of laurel leaves, and rests on a spreading foot embossed with foliage and flowers. The lower part of its body is embossed with tall convex burnished ellipses, alternating with pairs of acanthus husks; the upper part is boldly repoussé with conventional groups of acanthus leaves, having a sheaf of flowers and fruit pendent from the middle of each group, and the spaces between the sheaves are embossed with festoons of foliage, fruit and flowers. The cover has a projecting rim ornamented with laurel leaves, and a slightly convex top repoussé with garlands of fruit and flowers surmounted with a strawberry-shaped knob.

Among other rare and interesting exhibits were a complete set of thirteen "Apostle spoons," including the "Master," all by the



same maker, and bearing the same London hall mark and date letter for the year 1638, and a pair of circular tazza-shaped dishes ornamented with radiating lanceolate leaves in repoussé, each dish resting on a low foot.

There were also several porringers, rose-water dishes and ewers, wine fountains, cisterns and flagons, punch bowls and other objects dating from the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries on exhibition in addition to those above described.

A careful inspection of the whole and its comparison with recently made plate could only result in impressing an observer with the idea that the art of designing silver-work became moribund in the nineteenth century, and that there has been no indication of any revival since. The fault seems not to lie with the working silversmith, who to-day appears able to copy an example of earlier years, but entirely with the artist, who seems to be quite unable to create a new design for any silver article which, when made, will bear comparison with the antique.

COMMUNION CUP FROM WHICH CHARLES I TOOK HIS LAST SACRAMENT.



COVERED BEAKER, 1675-6, AND PAIR OF COVERED JARS OF THE SAME PERIOD.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

NOT only was Queen Alexandra exhibiting a couple of her Bassets at the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, held last week at the Royal Botanic Gardens, but she found time to do a round of the benches in the morning, accompanied by Princess Victoria, the Grand Duchess George of Russia and Princess Nina of Russia. Her Majesty seemed thoroughly happy among the dogs, feeding many from a bag of biscuits carried by Lady Evelyn Ewart, who, together with Mr. Lionel Faudel-Phillips, received the Royal party. The Japanese ring interested her a good deal, possibly because these charming little pets have been among her Sandringham favourites. Let it be admitted that the championship wins of both Sandringham Valens and Sandringham Warrender were in the nature of a Pyrrhic victory, since competition was restricted in the Basset section, but they are typical enough to merit the honour. The old-fashioned, low to ground, sound hound is the kind always sent by Her Majesty.

It was a thousand pities that the rain, so much desired, chose to fall on this particular afternoon, as it has so often done at the ladies' summer shows, for nothing but a good attendance of the public was required to set the stamp of success upon the proceedings. The numerous entry must have been very consoling to the promoters, and the excellent management, for which Miss Desborough and the committee are responsible, always puts exhibitors in good humour. Had not matters gone so smoothly the heavy showers would have proved most disconcerting. A detailed description so long after the event being out of place, I will content myself with a hurried survey of some of the features. Mr. Wilfrid Unwin, in R.F.A. uniform, was enabled to fulfil his engagement to take the bloodhounds, well filled classes greeting

him. Of the young entry Mrs. Edmunds did best with Ledburn Brigadier, a son of Hordle Laertes and Ch. Ledburn Binnacle.

His make and shape are particularly pleasing, and he has size. Next to him in dogs came Mrs. Oliphant's Chatley Ringwood, by Ch. Old Ship Usher, another big hound with heavy bone, losing somewhat by a ringed stern. Mr. W. Frisby's Nairobi and Mrs. O'Halloran's Faraam Bachelor are well grown youngsters. Ch. Ledburn Beau Brummel, the champion dog, has come along so well as to put any doubt out of the question. Chatley Racket, sister to Ringwood, has plenty of quality. For the bitch championship Mr. Unwin placed Mrs. Fraser Newall's Endeavour above Mrs. Edmunds' Ch. Solace, both standing out from the rest. I thought Mr. A. S. Williams' police hound, Belle of Miskin, might

have been higher. Mrs. Armstrong made a welcome reappearance in deerhounds, winning the dog certificate with St. Ronan's Rover, that for bitches going to Mrs. Linton Neligan's Ch. Lady

Eveline of Abbotsford. Mrs. Oortmeyer, wife of the president of the Belgian Kennel Club, now a refugee in this country, won two firsts in borzois with Susie of Addestone. Here the chief distinction went to old favourites, Mr. Ingham's Ch. Ramsden Radium and Mrs. Ashton's Ch. Pavlova of Addestone. Major Shewell achieved an event by benching four outstanding Irish wolfhounds, all from one litter by Ch. Felixstowe Gelert ex Ch. Lindley Lupin. Cotswold Tipperary and Cotswold Colleen took the challenge certificates, Dr. Sidney Turner considering the former superior to his sire. Cotswold Betty was the runner-up in bitches, and Cotswold Sergeant O'Leary followed his brother in two junior classes. Miss Stark's big brindle Dane, Ch. King of Breawood, instead of being dead, as was reported, is very much alive, Mrs. Sparks making him the champion, while the best bitch was Mrs. Hatfield's



CH. LEDBURN BEAU BRUMMEL.



CH. RUPERT OF RUNGMOOK,

good harlequin, Zena of Sudbury. Mastiffs were useful, if few, principal honours going to Mr. P. R. Borrett's Prince Lie-abed and Mr. G. Cook's Lightning. The single certificate for black Newfoundland was won by Miss Goodall's beautiful dog, Ch. Gipsy Baron, and that for other colours by Mr. W. Hudson's Prince Rodolph.

Mr. H. T. L. Young scored the double event in flat-coated retrievers with Leecroft Minor and Mollance Bess, put down in rare form. In Labradors Mrs. Quintin Dick made her typical Withington Dorando a full champion, Mr. T. W. Twyford winning in bitches with Thelma of Whitmore, altogether a

good one. Miss Crawshaw's Gosmore Flax and Gosmore Vista earned both certificates offered to the golden variety. Pointers and English setters were few, and in the Irish setters, which came up better, the leaders were Mr. A. F. Nuttall's Roscoe of Cullunamore and Mrs. S. W. Carlton's Kerry Peggy. Mrs. Fytche had a field day with the Fulmer Cockers, winning firsts with Fulmer Don, Fulmer Peat, Fulmer Over and Fulmer Joanna. Open black bitches went to Mrs. Sam Sothern's well known Helen of Ware. Mrs. Fytche, too, scored in English Springers with Nurscombe Scamp. Two old exhibitors did best in Clumbers—Mr. F. Saunders with Hempsted Wonder and Mr. W. Rose with Flash Faultless; Mr. Campbell Newington had the Sussex class to himself; and field spaniel honours were gained by Mr. Nash's sound Shillington Fearnought and Mrs. Lethbridge Farmer's sweet headed Satinetta. With special support from the Old English Sheepdog Club this breed made an unusually good display. One would like to see a solid advance, as there is much to please about a bobtail in his best bib and tucker. Mrs. Fare Fosse's Invincible Weather, first open dogs, owns a splendid body, carries ample coat and has a correct head. Mr. W. Burgoyne's Falcon Bessie led in the other sex.

Chows were a conspicuous feature, this, I suppose, being one of the largest entries ever obtained. Again Miss Tomlin's old warrior, in his thirteenth year, Ch. Hildewell Chow, added



MY LADY MONTBAL.

further to his laurels, the bitch certificate also going to another established favourite, Miss Peck's Ch. Mi Wun. Of the younger brigade, Mrs. Lionel Faudel-Phillips' beautiful young black, Pusa of Amwell, had a host of admirers. Foreign dogs afforded no novelty, the Hon. Florence Amherst filling a picturesque class with her gazelle hounds, and the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison contributed all the Lhasa terriers and Thibet spaniels, with the exception of Mrs. Corfield's Dooma, third in the former. The any variety class was headed by a Norwegian elkhound belonging to Mrs. A. Evans. Lord Channing

of Wellingborough took third place with his poodle Maximilian, whose body and coat are excellent, but he is a trifle coarse in skull. Mrs. Crouch's Orchard Challenger, the winner, is a white dog of much merit, apparently foreign bred. Her Ch. Orchard Flower Girl, first in the bitches, is one of the best of her colour that we have had. Mrs. Warren took home both the bulldog challenge certificates through the instrumentality of Letchford Mason and Ch. Columba Rose, the former greatly improved in the last few months. Lady Kathleen Pilkington judged the French variant carefully, her champions being Mrs. Romilly's Ch. André and Mrs. Armour's Ch. Hanky Panky.

Bull terriers are among the breeds with a distinctly upward movement, the entry the other day being most encouraging. Mr. Osborn Wright's Ch. Krishna and Mr. Ely's Hampstead Hell Cat, the open winners, are bull terriers all over. Mrs. Boldero sent the first dog puppy—Ennerdale Duncan. Fox-terriers were a distinct improvement upon what we have so often seen at these shows, especially the smooths, of which the two champions were Mr. Radford's Dandyford and Mr. F. W. Bright's Ch. Kitty Sparks, the respective reserves being Mr. Francis Redmond's Desman and Mr. Holgate's Southboro' Sadie. Cocoanibs of Notts, the Duchess of Newcastle's wire-haired challenge winner, was followed home by the same owner's



CINTRA SAM.



PUSA OF AMWELL.

Ch. Corker of Notts, while in the bitches Mrs. Ely's stylish little Tadworth Tweak was above Mr. Hitchings' Aman Perfection and Mr. Trimble's Matford Vixen. Sealyhams were well up to the average, with nothing sensational, the three open dogs, placed as written, being Mrs. Lesmoir Gordon's Hadley Hustle, Lady Savory's Brocket, and Mr. T. Hamilton Adams' Ivo Cossack. Open bitches in the same order were Miss E. G. Annand's Farncombe Capet, Major Harry Jones' Peahill Sting, and Messrs. Davis and Campion's Brockholt Bridget. The Hon.

Mary Hawke made the two leading Cairns Lady Muriel Worthington's Mearach and Miss Lockwood's Cloughton Bunt. An



CH. GIPSY BARON.

accessit, Prince Kung of Alderbourne, Mrs. Van Beuren, an American lady.

evidence of judicial unanimity was forthcoming in the Scottish terrier ring, Mr. Macphail's Ellwyn Adam and Miss D. Woodhouse's Writtle Patricia repeating their triumphs at the great Joint Show. So also was it in Irish terriers, Mr. Lowrance's Ch. Double Shear and Mr. M. Ballard's Ch. My Lady Montbal being the successful ones. A feature of the large toy section was Lady Ebury's Pekingese victory with Choo-Tai of Moor Park, this being her first challenge certificate. Not only did she secure it with a dog of her own breeding, but she also bred the *proxime* now the property of

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

LORD EVERSLEY in *The Partitions of Poland* (Fisher Unwin) has given us a popular and fair account of the difficulties attending the settlement of a problem which each of the three countries most directly concerned have pledged themselves to solve. No valid defence has even been put forward for any of the three partitions to which Poland was subjected. Lord Eversley's conclusion is that the conduct of Prussia was "the most perfidious and mendacious, that of Russia the most cunning and deadly, and that of Austria the most mean and treacherous." As we read his story, it is impossible to avoid the reflection that the present war is only the continuation of Prussian policy by a people who have made no advance in ethical standards, whatever may be said of their culture or military power. Frederick William was a bad imitation of Frederick the Great, a man outworn with vice at fifty, vain, weak and ambitious. He sinned against the light, for he has left on record a description of his own perfidy. England paid him for sending an army to France, and when urged to concentrate on Poland and make peace with France,

"No one," he said, "shall drive me to take so dishonourable a step as negotiation with regicides. How could I look England in the face, who is paying me subsidies? I shall be branded as a traitor to the Empire by Austria, who denies all separate negotiations. It would certainly be a fortunate thing if we had peace, but how can we obtain it honourably before the Jacobins have felt the weight of our sword? No servant of mine shall induce me to take this first step."

A few months later Frederick William did exactly what he had thus pronounced to be dishonourable. Without acquainting his Allies, he opened up negotiations with France, and he pocketed the English subsidies while refusing to perform the obligation under which they were given. When Malmesbury, after many ineffectual protests, discontinued payment of the monthly subsidies to Prussia, the Prussian Government denounced the Treaty of the Hague as though the breach of it was due to the British Government and not to themselves. In the five months during which the treaty was alive the British Government paid £1,200,000, the full amount agreed upon, on the basis that 60,000 men should be assembled at Mainz. There were never more than 20,000 brought together, and these were quickly transferred to Poland. Thus British money was used to equip, pay and feed Prussian troops engaged, not in putting down the French Revolution, but in bringing about the dismemberment of Poland. None of it was ever repaid, so that Lord Eversley's condemnation is no more than justified. "A more dishonourable transaction it would not be easy to imagine."

Of the partitions of Poland we shall say nothing, except to refer the reader to the book; but an immediate interest attaches to the later history of the country and the conditions which have to be dealt with when the present war is over. That the Poles have been very badly treated is admitted on all hands, but the difficulty of reconstructing the State can scarcely be exaggerated. Bismarck in his time very well understood the potentialities of the question. After the war with France, in spite of the bravery with which the Poles had fought, he began to take measures for Germanising the Polish provinces. As late as 1885 he was responsible for an edict by which all Poles who were not Prussian subjects were expelled from Prussia. In 1886 he tried to colonise the estates of Polish landowners with German peasants and appointed a land commission for the purpose. This work was continued by Prince von Bülow in 1907. It is noteworthy that Bismarck followed the exact lines of his predecessors in defending the Prussian annexation of parts of Poland. He declared it to be the result of their own incompetence; but he foresaw that the resurrection of Poland would mean a loss of territory to the Prussians which would cripple them. "If Thorn and Danzig were relinquished, the German Empire would remain exposed on the Russian frontier and we should lose our outlet into the Baltic." From his Memoirs the two following passages are taken:

In the Polish question Austria is confronted by no such difficulties as for us are indissolubly bound up with the re-establishment of Polish independence—difficulties incident to the adjustment of the respective claims of Poles and Germans in Poland and West Prussia and to the situation of East Prussia. Our geographical position and the intermixture of both nationalities in the eastern province, including Silesia, compel us to retard, as far as possible, the opening of the Polish question.

Any arrangement likely to satisfy Poland in the provinces of West Prussia and Posen, and even in Silesia, is impossible without the breaking up and decomposing of Prussia.

These words bring before us in a striking manner the very great task which is implied by the reconstitution of Poland as a State. Russia could not go on with a scheme until an overwhelming defeat has been inflicted upon the Germans. They would not otherwise surrender the province of West Prussia.

The Open Air Treatment of the Wounded. (The First Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge.) By A. E. Shipley, Sc.D., F.R.S. *Country Life* Office.

AN interesting little book on the First Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge, by Dr. A. E. Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, is a complete vindication of the modern methods of treatment in home hospitals under war conditions; and the results therein set forth go very far to show that the

day is not long distant when not only war hospitals, but *all* hospitals will be run on similar lines, with possible modifications suited to local conditions. The celerity and efficiency with which such a hospital of some 1,240 beds can be got ready is a revelation in itself, and shows a power of organisation of which those responsible for its coming into being may well be proud. We agree with the author that beds less than 26in. in height are wrong from the point of view of lengthy and intricate dressings; for it is manifest that the working power of the nursing staff is greatly diminished if they have long periods of stooping over low beds to do dressings, some of which may extend to an hour, twice a day. There has, we fear, in many hospitals opened since the war began, been a tendency to buy the cheapest bed. Cheap beds are like cheap boots—the dearest possible in the end. To our way of thinking the ideal mattress is one of half hair, half coir, well blended. Dr. Shipley says that there are no seats in the wards. In a certain military hospital we know, one canvas seated camp stool is allowed for every two beds, and these are scrubbed weekly or oftener, as may be required, with a solution of liquor cresol saponatus fort in water. They are a great boon to the patients, and are also useful in that they can be carried out very easily for use in the open air. Massage is proving a splendid aid to the surgeon in completing the cure, and has been more extensively used in this war than ever before. The Almeric Paget Massage Corps deserve the highest praise for their good work in this branch. There is no mention of it, but we presume that the cooking is done on Warren's Cookers and Sawyer's Stoves, heated by gas. The operating theatre must be a very fine one, and rightly so, as on a well equipped, well lighted theatre the fate of many a case may depend. The heating apparatus leaves nothing to be desired, and the arrangements for allowing hot water to be drawn off day and night at any point are worthy of commendation.

The blinds seem to us to constitute the one weak spot in what is otherwise an excellent hospital. There is nothing more distressing than a continual noise which a patient knows must go on until the wind drops, and although this may seem a trifle to the strong and healthy, it is a very manifest drawback to the man who has returned from the front severely wounded, and with nerves shattered beyond belief. Doubtless this difficulty will be overcome in the near future, and it is a problem which is well worthy of solution; should, indeed *must*, be solved, if hospitals on these lines are to take the place they deserve in modern curative treatment. The mortality statistics are striking, particularly so in the case of that most fatal of diseases, cerebro-spinal meningitis.

It is a matter for regret, at least to the professional reader of this interesting brochure, that Dr. Shipley has not gone into some detail regarding the sanitary arrangements in use in the hospital, and the methods of disposal of refuse, excreta, soiled dressings, etc. Apart from this omission it is a book which we can commend to both the professional and the lay reader.

J. L. DICKIE.

The English Countryside, by Ernest C. Pulbrook. (Batsford.)

WHATEVER else he may or may not have done, Mr. Pulbrook has given us a charming picture book to look at. His book contains one pleasant drawing of Streatley Mill in Berkshire, by Mr. A. E. Newcombe, and a very large number of well chosen and engaging photographs. The choice must have been a difficult matter, and Mr. Pulbrook has succeeded in steering a judicious

middle course. He does not, on the one hand, altogether eschew those places which, through advertisement writers and malignant fate, have come to be known as "beauty spots." The Feathers Inn at Ludlow with its black and white front, and the lovely little Market Hall at Ledbury, are two instances to the point. We have seen them before, but we enjoy seeing them again. On the other hand, he has given us a number of places that can enjoy only a local fame, such as the derelict windmill at Madingley in Cambridgeshire, or the old Herefordshire barn at Brinsop, with its lovely, church-like roof. He has shown his wisdom, moreover, in choosing many views that have no rare or peculiar beauty, but are examples of the tranquil everyday charm of the country. It is not possible to give the same praise to Mr. Pulbrook's letterpress as to his pictures. No man can know and love all England equally well, and so his task has been admittedly a hard one. His different chapters deal with different features of the country, footpaths, old mills, village greens and so forth. On all of these he has a number of general remarks to make, but they are not always very well worth listening to. He seems to us to have been too anxious to be impartial, and so to have written too much at large. He might, moreover, have spared a little of his space to quoting what others have written. His Index contains no mention of Borrow or Jefferies or Cobbett, and surely three such famous lovers of the country should have found a place. Also, when he needed a quotation from a single poet to put at the beginning of his book, he might surely have chosen one having greater distinction, both, of thought and diction, than Miss Jessie Pope. However, Mr. Pulbrook truly loves the country, and for that and for his pictures much more might be forgiven him.

Hyssop, by M. T. H. Sadler. (Constable.)

NOVEL writers have lately with one accord begun to tell the hero's story from his undergraduate days, and Mr. Sadler is one more added to the number. He has done it in many ways skilfully and agreeably, and if he had stopped at page 248 instead of at page 307 we could whole heartedly have praised him. The Oxford part of the book is thoroughly entertaining, although it is also at times exasperating. We must frankly admit that in the course of reading it we have several times been moved to "thank the goodness and the grace which on our birth have smiled" and sent us to Cambridge rather than to Oxford and anywhere rather than to Balliol. Mr. Sadler is quite clever enough to know that he would produce that impression, and quite young enough and scornful enough to rejoice in producing it. His characters are not typical undergraduates, and possess something too much of the rather exhausting cleverness of youth; but they are often amusing and always full of life and "go," and so win us over in spite of ourselves. Moreover, the love affair of the hero, Philip, with Margaret, who plays with him rather cruelly and yet without it being wholly her fault, has qualities of real charm and touchingness. We should recommend the reader to stop resolutely when Margaret gets engaged to another man, and so leave off "with a pleasant taste in his mouth." After that Mr. Sadler has conceived a situation which is both powerful and horrible. If it had to be tackled at all, it needed tackling more skilfully than he has been able to do. As it is, he has introduced a very unpleasant topic with no compensating advantages. He has clearly done it in a crusading spirit with the best intentions, but we wish he had not.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE OLD, OLD ROAD."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was very interested in reading the article on Northern Italy in your excellent Summer number of *COUNTRY LIFE* and thought that perhaps you might find the enclosed photograph of the famous Stelvio Road useful for publication. This view was taken on the Italian side of the summit, leading up from Bormio in long winding zig-zags. On the Austrian side the roadway is tremendously steep and for motoring needs a skilful hand at the wheel. Our Allies seem to be well established along the road and we hope will soon be able to force their way down into the Vintschgau which would threaten Botzen and Meran.—C. G. BLAMPIED.

VENICE IN WAR-TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I sit down to write just after reading Sir Martin Conway's charming and most sympathetic article on Venice and her treasures—an essay instinct with the romance of this "pale ghost upon the sands of time"—forgive me if I have forgotten the exact words so long as I convey the sense of Ruskin's phrase.



THE STELVIO PASS.

But, indeed, I am ever grateful to *COUNTRY LIFE*; it is just what one wants at times like these, with the right tone about everything, and the possibility of taking one out of the war element now and again in such a healthy, helpful manner. I had the first hearty laugh I have indulged in for weeks on reading the review of Miss Rynd's new "Mrs. Green," and I shared that review with one or two privileged spirits! For long I was on thorns as to what Italy would do, and now comes the actuality of war, and we have had two air raids with

bombs and arrows dropped on us by Austrian aeroplanes. It has been a most thrilling and interesting experience, not a bit frightening though, whatever a few people may pretend, and enabling one to realise the sound of guns when the "real thing" is going on. Very little damage was done, and we cannot help feeling that no evil was intended against St. Mark's or the Ducal Palace, for no bombs were dropped near either, while a good many were sent on the Arsenal, at the railway station and over some of the barracks. Another experience—really more interesting in its way—is the perfectly new spirit that has come over Venice. There is a steady setting of everyone's teeth and a stiffening of everyone's back that is good to feel. A fine touch

is also shown in their resolve to safeguard their treasures, and the sight of St. Mark's as it is at present fills one with mingled sadness and satisfaction. The bronze horses have been taken down and are stowed safely away; all the fourteen statues on the rood screen (the twelve Apostles, St. Mark and the Blessed Virgin) are wrapped in white cloths and wadding—they might be cerements!—while the crucifix in the centre is clean removed, the great hanging lamps in the middle aisle have also been taken away, and great masses of sandbags are piled up against several of the columns and the little chapel-altar on the north side of the central aisle, this being for the double purpose of saving them from shock in case of a bombardment, or of fire should a bomb crash down into their midst. Great piers of masonry have been built up under the arcade of the Ducal Palace, to support the building under its added weight of sanded floors and a sanded roof overhead. The Colledin statue is also to be protected, and all that can be done is being done to keep our treasures safe. The town itself is under martial law, and two great drawbacks are the consequence, one being that every night at eight o'clock the electric light is cut off, and the other that as soon as it is dark every shutter must be so perfectly bolted and barred that not a chink of light may pierce through, or if it does the night patrols may shoot away at the offender! The spy mania has been fairly well developed, and it is well to be "circumspect" (such a nice biblical word!) in dress and behaviour, so as not to attract attention or give rise to suspicion!—**ALETHEA WIEL.**

BIRD PETS AT THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a reader of your paper, I thought it might be of interest to my fellow readers to know that out here in our clipping shed I took a young thrush out of a nest, where it had apparently been left. It was very small. We reared it by feeding it from a stick, and a few days ago—well, just over a week—we had a nest of four young blackbirds, so put them with the thrush, and it has fed them continually ever since, till now they are out of the nest and doing well. It is a really good mother to them, just like an old bird. It also fed a young chaffinch we had sent to the rear, till we think it must have choked it, as we found it this morning with food in its throat. It had been chirping beautifully. Have you heard of such a thing lately in England?—**PRIVATE HAYWOOD, Veterinary Hospital, British Expeditionary Force, France.**

MY FIRST ENGLISH SPRING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was delighted with your article by "An Australian Visitor." Some years ago I read "A Bush Calendar" and other works by this talented writer, and have often wondered what so acute an observer would have to say of our English birds. I have always understood that certain Australian species vied with our best songsters in vocal powers, but I do not know how plentiful or how widely distributed such varieties may be; the lyre bird is, unfortunately, rare and not to be heard by everyone. To me the charm of this country is the almost inconceivable number of feathered vocalists scattered over so wide an area, the volume of sound on a May morning in any unfrequented lane in any English county. A thrush on every tree, chaffinches and willow warblers almost as numerous, here and there blackbirds, yellowhammers, robins, wrens, greenfinches and hedge sparrows—not to mention the less abundant species—all singing lustily. It would be interesting to hear your correspondent's observations on the songs of less noted English birds, the beautiful wild swallows of the ring-ouzel, the lingering sweetness of the garden, willow warbler and blackcap. Perhaps they would please her more than those about which so much has been written.—**M. W.**

"JACCINATING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other day, in purchasing a pretty-looking Japanese toy which seems to answer in some degree to our æolian harp, I came upon the following instructions, which might have found a place in "Alice in Wonderland." It contains many delightful words, but I think "jaccinating" is the best. What it means one can gather a little from the context. To "jaccinate" makes one cool in midsummer and cheers one up even in the dead of winter. "Cuchanling" is a treasure almost as priceless. I copy the notice in the original lines, as the division of the words would itself indicate that there is truth in the legend written below "Made in Japan":

"JAPANESE AROLIAN

"CHIMES.

"To a cheer for loneliness,
a cure for unhappiness,
and an cuchanling music
which plays automatically as
the wind blows. Its tink-
ling sound is so jaccin-
ating that it makes one
cool in midsummer and ch-
eers one up even in the
dead of winter

"CHEAPEST AND MOST

"AMUSING.

"Made in Japan."

—**A. HATLER.**

ROBIN-RUN-THE-HEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It occurred to me that some of your readers who are not ready at a moment's notice to adopt the masterly but elaborate scheme of poultry rearing set out by "Belle Orpigne" might reap some advantage from the following hint. It came to me from an old-fashioned farmer and his wife, a Darby and Joan whom I had occasion to interview one day in the farmhouse kitchen. Somehow the conversation got on weeds, and he mentioned Robin-run-the-hedge as an excellent food for poultry. "Many a time, in my young

days," said his wife, "I fattened ducks on nothing else." Now, as robin-run-the-hedge—which country readers, I think, will recognise as a lush, green, rioting climber of the hedgerows—is rampant in my neighbourhood, and I had some young ducks, and food stuffs were dear, I thought I would apply a practical test to the advice of the farmer's wife, and I began feeding the ducks with robin-run-the-hedge. Not altogether—they had a dry mash in the morning and other food as well—but it was good to see how they delighted in this weed. After having taken a considerable meal, they will flop down beside it, kneeling in a way that ducks have, and simply gorge themselves. Like the stout boy, they are visibly swelling under the influence of this diet, and it looks at the present moment as though my young ducks will become in the course of a very few weeks the fattest and most succulent of their kind. Anybody who thinks of the price that young ducks command in the market and the cheapness with which they can be reared (at least in small quantities) will see that occupants of little bits of land may do worse than cultivate a friendship with their old enemy, robin-run-the-hedge. Many, I fancy, know his sterling qualities already.—**G. P.**

THE COTTAGER'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to your note about the Roll of Honour or Order of Merit

which has been improvised in cottage windows, you may like to show the enclosed photographs, one of a window with six cards and another showing the detail. It is a very pretty custom that has grown up, and so good and salutary in its effect that I wonder the War Office does not take it up and issue a uniform card for the whole of the kingdom. The window shown is from a cottage at Earham, five and a half miles from Chichester; but the custom is not confined to any one part of the country. Indeed, the little window card has proved to be quite a success in Ireland. It is a pity that the Recruiting Department at the War Office does not give more attention to this matter, but it is the same with the suggestion that a badge should be given to those who offer themselves and are found unfit. This badge would enable us to distinguish between the shirker and the man who has offered his services to his country.—**P.**



SERVING HIS KING AND COUNTRY.



IN THE COTTAGE WINDOW.



IN THE IDLE WHEEL.

serving the King. This must be almost a record. Let us hope that they may all return to their occupations and that the birds may never again have the opportunity of building in idle wheels.—A. T.

CASTLES IN THE TRENTINO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you these two photographs of ancient castles in the Trentino, thinking that they may be of sufficient interest to publish. The first is the Castello of Buon Consiglio, with its Roman tower of Augustus, which was formerly the palace of the Prince Bishops of Trent, and is now the fortified barracks of the Austrian garrison of that city. The second is the castle of Cles, which overshadows the town of Cles, the capital of the Val di Non. Cles stands on the military road between Tonale Pass (the frontier) and Bozen (on the great highway of the Brenner), and though it is in Austrian territory, its inhabitants are typical Italians and speak an Italian *patois*. The castle dates from the sixteenth century.—S. C. B.

FEEDING THE CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be permitted to express my warm appreciation of the great service you have rendered by the publicity accorded Mr. Avray Tipping's deeply interesting and helpful article on "Feeding the Children," and to enforce its plea for action on the lines laid down by Lady Aberconway in a most valuable piece of pioneer work. The problem of the nutrition and health generally of the country scholar is a very serious one and, except in a few isolated parishes, has not yet been faced. Sir George Newman, in his latest report, states that the Education (Provision of Meals) Act, 1906, is "in practice a dead letter over the whole rural area of England and Wales." Moreover, it is often too readily assumed that the country school child has comparatively slight claim on public sympathy. On the contrary, malnutrition is rife, be the air never so pure and the surroundings quite arcaid, and necessities of life, such as milk, well nigh unprocurable in the midst of plenty. Parents for the most part are unable, through ignorance, lack of time or facilities rather than poverty, to ensure to the children suitable food, so that the midday meal, which

A BIRD'S CHANCE.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In these brickfields practically all the men eligible for the Army have joined the Colours, and so it is a slack time. A pair of thrushes have taken advantage of an idle cart and have built their nest between the spokes of one of the wheels. The proprietor of these works informs me that out of a total number of seventy-six men employed by him (including the son of the owner) during the last few years, sixty-two are now

the large majority partake of away from home, is totally inadequate and unsuitable, and too often eaten under unhygienic conditions.

One of the chief obstacles to grappling with a state of affairs which—if it be true that the rural districts supply the backbone and sinew of the nation—imperils the future of the race, is the lack of suitable accommodation. Here Lady Aberconway has shown us one obvious solution. There are still, however, unfortunately a large proportion of villages unblest by the presence of an institute or club. To them the example of Newport (Essex) may be commended. In this village, penny dinners—on lines so admirable that they may well have served Lady Aberconway for a model—were supplied in a large farmhouse rented by Lady Meyer. The building further served the purposes of a village health centre and dental clinic.—CHAS. E. HECHT.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TERM "DOG WATCH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The point which has been raised by your correspondent has been referred to in *Notes and Queries* and in other papers several times. We discussed it in the *Navy and Army Illustrated*, and more recently in the *Mariners' Mirror*. No satisfactory explanation is forthcoming. It is generally agreed that the word "dog" is a corruption of some foreign word, possibly Dutch or Portuguese, and even, it may be, Latin or Phœnician. There is no certainty as to when the arrangement was first made for having two short watches instead of all being of the same length, although the necessity is quite clear, otherwise the same watch of men would always keep the same watch every day. It has been suggested to me that the derivation of the word comes from a corruption of the word "docked," meaning that the watches were shortened or curtailed, and it seems to me that this is the most likely explanation of any.—NAVAL OFFICER.

THE WREN AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Everyone knows the wren with its minute body and slow though hurried flight along the hedgerow. Most of us while passing through some wood have heard its sweet and distinctive song. Its nest, too—a masterpiece of architecture—is found easily enough. The little bird often seems to rely on the blindness of its fellow-beings to escape detection. And yet what a suspicious creature it is! Put your finger in its nest before the eggs are hatched, and as often as not it will desert forthwith. Sometimes the wren, when building a nest for its young, or, as the male often does, for its own



THE CASTELLO OF BUON CONSIGLIO, TRENT.



THE CASTLE OF CLES IN THE VAL DI NON.

convenience, will choose such an open position as the sunny side of a haystack, where we found the one depicted. Plenty of hay made us a splendid hiding place within a few feet of the nest, and when once the young birds were well grown their parents were kept busy feeding them in full view of the camera. When bringing food the female always alighted on a log lying on the ground some yards away; thence she would fly straight into the nest, though it meant very accurate steering. The hole was little more than an inch in diameter, but she made no mistake, and even seemed to put on speed as she approached. Before leaving she would look out cautiously, sometimes for as long as a minute, perhaps draw a straw or two across the opening, and then be off like a bullet! As a rule, moss forms the chief part of the outside of the nest; but here hay was used almost entirely. Certainly the surroundings were matched perfectly, and once one of the birds carefully removed an offending piece of moss which somehow had crept into the structure. Perhaps this pair of birds was less adept in finding food than others; probably there was a scarcity of the caterpillars which formed their staple food, but often an interval of half an hour would elapse between two visits. Butterflies seem fairly immune from the attacks of birds, but once what looked like a Common White was brought to the nest. It took some minutes before it was disposed of, but eventually even the wings were divided up and swallowed by a not over fastidious family. The male, though far less timid than his mate, was much less assiduous; he brought food at rarer intervals, and left the task of

cleaning the nest almost entirely to the female. One day, when the young were full grown, we were examining them before entering the hiding place, when one of them conceived the idea of making a dash for liberty. Out he came, followed at short intervals by five more. We were able to persuade the last to sit on a finger long enough to be photographed before he took flight. Then



"SMALLER THAN A GOOD-SIZED MOUSE."

it was easy to realise how minute he was—even with his feathers puffed out to their fullest extent he seemed smaller than a good-sized mouse. As soon as he heard the call of his parents he, too, was off, flying quite easily to join them in a heap of brushwood near by.—A. M. C. NICHOLL AND J. H. FRANKLIN.



A JUICY MORSEL.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Enclosed are a couple of photographs of a swan, now known as Charles, whose acquaintance we made at our river camp near Oxford. No introductions were possible at Charles' first visit as his temper on this occasion was venomous, so much so that at one time we were almost inclined to move our pitch further from the enemy. This was on a Tuesday, but by Thursday

Charles would condescend to eat bread, if thrown to him in the water and by Sunday afternoon we had made such progress that I had the good fortune to photograph him *inside* our tent, a failure unfortunately. He developed a taste for the remains of fried potatoes, and one of the photographs testifies to his habits. His familiarity reached its climax on our last night. We were celebrating our imminent departure by a chosen supper upon the bank, when Charles advanced upon us, and with infinite condescension shared a salmi of pigeon, spilling the peas but choosing the best pieces of the bird for himself and discarding the rest. Supper ended, the triumph of "taming the shrew" was proved by the great bird sleeping beside me for at least half an hour within reach of my hand. Charles' character was moody and irritable. I shall never forget him falling over a tent rope in a hurried exodus from our tent, looking for the tent-peg and using most definitely nautical language before he proceeded to demolish it. Also he was a thief by nature and by trade. On the other hand, he possessed a clear-speaking voice, was intelligible and persistent in his demands, never bored in loneliness, and he rid us of all field mice from around the tent. His presence was an ornament, his watchfulness a safeguard and his character, acts and follies a fruitful source of argument.—BISHOP KING'S PALACE.

AN ITALIAN BEGGAR.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Our interest in things Italian having received fresh impetus from

recent events, I hope you will not think the enclosed photograph of an Italian beggar inappropriate to the moment. It was taken at Aosta, a town, unfortunately, rich in gentlemen of this profession I believe. The massive masonry behind is the famous Arch of Augustus, built by the Romans B.C. 24. Aosta has many Roman remains (their massive town wall, for example, is still almost complete), and just beyond the arch shown are the remains of the Roman bridge that once spanned the Buthier, over which the road ran to the present war zone in the north-east.—D. McLEISH.



SUSPICIOUS OF FRIENDLY OVERTURES.



FINISHING THE FRIED POTATOES.



AT THE ARCH OF AUGUSTUS, AOSTA.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

From a Photograph by Speaight.